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## THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

THERE is no doubt that the Northern States of America are thoroughly in earnest, and the Government, as usual, follows the impulse of the people. When the secession began, Mr. SEWARD affected to treat it as a harmless caprice, which would be discontinued in mere weariness and indifference if it was only let alone. As the spokesman of the Republican party, he thought it expedient to divert attention from the disruption of the Federation by vapouring about the prospective annexation of Canada; and, as Secretary of State, he has lately taken an opportunity of delivering himself of a vulgar sneer against England as a "European Monarchy," less qualified for the office of arbitrator than Mexico, Nicaragua, or Guatemala. Mr. LINCOLN, although he is less known than his Minister as a politician or orator, appears to possess more sincerity and self-respect. From the time of his election, he has never trifled with the great crisis upon which he has fallen, nor has he encumbered himself by premature pledges of inglorious inaction. Nevertheless, it is evident from the cautious language which he used during his journey to Washington, that he was uncertain whether public feeling would support him in a resolution to maintain the Union by force. The old parties still existed, and the Democrats defended Mr. BUCHANAN's treasonable connivance at secession. It was thought necessary to humour the Virginians, who were ostensibly attempting mediation, nor was it even safe to disregard noisy protests against any appeal to arms. Mr. LINCOLN seems to have been well advised in confining himself to a declaration that he would defend the property and the rights of the Federal Government. The extent of those rights was, in popular estimation, still uncertain, till the attack on Fort Sumter, and the outrages perpetrated in Maryland and Virginia, suddenly inspired the North with a conviction that the nation was bound and authorized to vindicate its own sovereignty and indivisible unity. The distinction between Republican and Democrat has disappeared under the excitement of a genuine patriotism. The whole population of the Northern Atlantic regions has risen to affirm the principle that the United States form an organized Republic, and not a casual aggregation of petty independent communities. The insolence of the slave-owners has at last produced its natural effect; and the first object of the volunteer armament is to prove both the power of the North and its determination to exact full retribution. One of the Massachusetts regiments under orders for Washington declared that it was "going to look for two missing men," and if it were possible to identify the delinquents at Baltimore or their abettors, they would have little reason to complain of judicial delays. Mr. LINCOLN seems not unwilling to profit by the present indignation, as his demand for the services of 75,000 men has already been doubled, and a large maritime force is ready to form the blockade of the Southern ports. Washington has for some time been safe from attack, Maryland is coming round to the side of the Union, and Virginia is alarmed by the simultaneous dread of invasion and of internal disruption. For the moment, the chances of the conflict might seem to be reversed by the cessation of the impunity which had been long accorded to the aggressors. Americans are at least entitled to repudiate the sympathies of the admiring English peacemongers who lately congratulated them on having fallen to pieces without attempting to avert the catastrophe by the costly and un-Christian employment of arms.

The question remains, whether the motives which inspire a vigorous armament are sufficiently material and permanent to produce a serious civil war. A definite object is as indispensable to belligerents as an original cause of quarrel. A casual advantage or a formal concession may satisfy wounded

dignity, when the offended party has nothing to gain by the further prosecution of the dispute. The North has received abundant provocation, but, except in the disruption which it is impossible to heal, it has suffered no considerable loss. It may be prudent, in anticipation of future secessions, to proclaim the theoretical indissolubility of the Federal compact, yet the actual independence of the Slave States is strictly consistent with the principle on which the original Union dissolved its colonial relations with England. It is true that no Government can formally admit that it depends on the consent of the various members of the community; but eight millions of free citizens must be supposed to enjoy the right of secession which was affirmed on behalf of three millions of subjects in the Declaration of Independence. Although it is idle to refer great political questions to logical rules of consistency, it may be safely affirmed that the calmer judgment of Americans almost unanimously condemns the project of attempting to reduce the South to submission. An interminable controversy may be raised on the comparative strength of the Federal bond and of the allegiance which was undoubtedly in some form reserved by the separate Commonwealths. But the enthusiasm of the Republican Federalists cannot destroy the fact that the States called themselves sovereign; and the Democrats, who are now eager for war, have for more than half a century maintained the doctrine that all power not transferred by the written Constitution necessarily resides in the several parties to the Federal compact.

Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS appears thoroughly to understand the interests which it is his business to defend. A few weeks ago, he commenced hostilities, without provocation, because it seemed desirable to force the Border States into separation from the Union. Having accomplished his object, so far that no Slave State, except Delaware, now acknowledges Mr. LINCOLN's authority, the Southern President loudly proclaims his desire for peace, and his intention to remain on the defensive. The letters of marque which have been issued from Montgomery are probably represented only as a necessary mode of encountering the maritime superiority of the North. The Slave States declare that they wish to cultivate the most friendly relations with their former confederates; and as Washington is now secure from assault, they judiciously say nothing of their recent designs on the capital. It is probably against his wish that Mr. DAVIS feels compelled to observe that, in the most crooked paths of diplomacy, nothing can be found to equal in courtesy and indirectness the conduct of Mr. LINCOLN's Cabinet to the Southern Commissioners. His own pacific disposition is further illustrated by an allusion to the prudent inertness of the United States squadron during the cannonade of Fort Sumter. On the whole, it may be collected that the South thinks a war in which it may seem the injured party not altogether inexpedient. Almost all secessions and rebellions are inaugurated by a conspiring minority, who have a strong interest in uniting opponents and neutrals with themselves by engaging them in a common responsibility. Even in South Carolina itself there may perhaps be found well-wishers to the Union, and in the Border States a large part of the population is either wavering or hostile to secession; but war will convert trimmers and adversaries into accomplices, by presenting the alternative of treason. Counties or districts which repudiate the decision of the States to which they belong will find that the inalienable right of secession is only sacred when it is exercised on a comprehensive scale. It is perhaps fortunate that revolutionists are generally the most intolerant champions of internal unity and submission. The worst of civil wars are those in which every hamlet is divided between political Maronites and Druses. Long and angry controversy has made slavery the point of honour of the South, and if it is true that Abolitionist doctrines are

making rapid progress in the Free States, the defence of the great Southern institution will become more and more a passion with agitators, and a compulsory affectation in the rest of the community. The leaders of the secession will probably succeed in establishing internal unity of sentiment or profession, and they are well aware the danger of war is less grave than the chance of disunion.

The United States troops will have little difficulty in securing a military road through Maryland to Washington. It is not improbable that they may also be provoked into occupying Baltimore, and perhaps they may take up positions on Virginian soil to cover the capital. There seems to be little facility for any more aggressive enterprise. The Free States are more populous, more wealthy, and stronger than the new Confederation; but except where it is opposed to a regular army, a militia defending its own territory fights at an enormous advantage. The forces of the North are estimated on paper at more than two millions, but the Slave States count half that number, and the entire force will be available at home. The civilians who are swarming from Boston and New York to revenge the affront offered at Baltimore will not be disposed or qualified to undertake a regular campaign in a hostile country. A war of two or three years would create a standing army strong enough to be obnoxious to American feeling, if not dangerous to republican institutions. The voluntary contributions which are now forthcoming must, from their nature, be precarious; and English experience proves that the most prodigal subscription is less productive than almost any regular tax. The Federal Government has depended for revenue on Customs-duties which have lately fallen below the peace expenditure, and it is impossible that the amount should be increased, or even sustained, during the war. The States levy a direct tax or rate upon visible property, both for general and for municipal purposes. Except in periods of extraordinary excitement, it would be impossible to raise the percentage, and the measure would be doubly impracticable inasmuch as it would probably require the concurrence of twenty independent Legislatures. The right of the Federal Government to a contribution from the State treasuries has never been enforced, and even in war such a claim would meet with irresistible obstacles. The conquest of the South is too costly and too hopeless to be attempted, and any smaller object of hostilities would be nugatory. The blockade will probably come to an end before the next year's cotton crop is ready for exportation.

#### POLAND.

THE first of a line of bad rulers who enters on reform is notoriously fated to reap the fruits of all the misdeeds of his predecessors. LOUIS XVI. was the best, in intention at least, of his House, and the first since HENRY IV. who had shown any real feeling for the people; and therefore he perished on a scaffold. The "Irish difficulty" was never felt in its full force till the iron heel of oppression had been removed from a people which it had previously crushed into more apathetic submission. It is evidently the sincere desire of ALEXANDER II. to undo, in part at least, the wrongs done by CATHERINE and NICHOLAS, and, so far as in him lies, to make the people of his vast dominions happy. Unluckily, to make the people happy in an Empire which has been extended by violent annexation, without restoring them their independence, is rather a difficult undertaking; and to do this by the hand of a deeply corrupt bureaucracy—such as, setting all exaggerations aside, that of Russia is known to be—is an undertaking still more difficult. There is apt to be a terrible discrepancy of opinion between despotic beneficence and those who are its objects as to the mode in which happiness is to be produced. It is evidently the conviction of ALEXANDER II., as it was that of his father and of CATHERINE, that the Poles can only be made perfectly happy by being entirely denationalized and converted into Russians—an object for the attainment of which every expedient has been tried, from the most high-handed violence and the most subtle propagandism down to the puerile trick of offering a rouble to every Pole who would adopt the Russian dress. The Polish nationality, on the other hand, is evidently tenacious of life, though it has never attained to a high form of organization. Sixty years of the ukase, the stick, and the sabre have done little towards subduing its spirit. It is bound up with and fortified by a national religion which, if its fruits, while it was dominant, were neither abundant nor edifying, has of

course gained vigour from persecution. The Poles, therefore, decline the somewhat Chinese felicity which the good EMPEROR holds out to them. The autocratic schoolmaster, having sincerely intended the good of his pupil, but finding the pupil unappreciative and obstinate, takes to the cane, and heart-rending consequences ensue. This is the broad and palpable account of the Polish disaster, compared with which questions as to the violation of particular promises and charters are of little importance.

We have the pleasure of concurring for once with the organ of the French Government, which laments the fatal rupture between a really well-meaning Emperor and his subjects. We must only beg leave to add the qualifying remark, that this deplorable conflict, among other disasters, is in part a consequence of the spirit of violence which the proceedings of the French EMPEROR have set at work throughout Europe. Our confidence in the self-regenerating powers of the Polish nation is by no means such that we should wish to see them at once turned adrift to reconstitute themselves. The wrongs of Poland have taught the world not only to forgive, but to forget, her previous errors. Never was there seen a nation so organized as she was for anarchy and misery down to the very period of her fall. A highly oppressive and exclusive, as well as most beggarly aristocracy, constituted about one-tenth of the population. The people were serfs. The middle class were Jews. It is a familiar fact that the Diet met for the election of the King on the plain of Warsaw, in arms and on horseback, and that each member had a veto. It is a fact less familiar, but equally grotesque, that each member of the Legislative Diet had a veto, not only on each act of legislation, but on the whole legislation of each session. The political life of the nation was an unbroken course of factious violence, intrigue, and corruption. Down to the very last moment no real political progress of any kind had been made. Since the Russians, in a spirit more of pedantry than of fanaticism, have been attempting to propagate the Greek religion in the country, all Europe has resounded with the outcries of Roman Catholics against the persecutions in Poland, and with their demands for a crusade against the heretic tyrants. But these outcries are only the echo of those formerly raised by the opposite party against the persecutions to which the Dissidents from the Roman Catholic Church of Poland were subjected while Poland was an independent nation. Indeed, it was under pretence of establishing "toleration"—a toleration strictly analogous to that which dominant Roman Catholicism always accords—that CATHERINE interfered with arms in Polish affairs. The military gentry of Poland possessed in a very high degree the virtues of such a caste, as was shown on many a brilliant and romantic field. Other virtues they had none. Nor were the Voltairean despots who, with the hypocritical and canting rapacity of their sect, perpetrated the great act of spoliation, wholly without colour of excuse. The elective Crown had been hawked about Europe by the Polish factions till it had become a universal apple of discord and a universal nuisance. To extinguish the source of interminable contention by at once making a partition of the booty might seem to Imperial beasts of prey a not unnatural or unpardonable course.

It is a serious question, then, whether a nation which, when it fell, was in such a state as this, is likely to rise again on a sudden endowed with the capacity for self-government and political progress. The moral sympathies of England are, as they always have been, strongly on the Polish side. We have always echoed the cry uttered by MARIA THERESA's conscience when she gave her reluctant *placet* to the deed of partition:—"When I have been long dead, people will see what must come from this violation of everything that until now has been deemed holy and right." But to interfere when even France, the boasted avenger of Poland, disclaims all intention of interfering, would be a different affair. The exact degree in which the great mass of the Polish people are raised above actual serfdom may be a question. To some extent perhaps it is a question of different localities, and to some extent it is a question of words. But there can be no question as to their total want of intelligence and political education, or as to their inaptitude in every respect to form the basis of free institutions. It would probably be rash to pronounce that their lot would, within any calculable time, be better under the restored ascendancy of their own gentry than under the Imperial Government, if only the Imperial Government could be carried on with reasonable honesty and reasonable regard for the special character and interests



of the Polish nation. The factious and turbulent gentry have certainly received a terrible lesson from experience; but on the other hand their political and administrative qualities, such as they were, must have suffered from long desuetude. The middle class are still Jews; and in one instance at least, since the commencement of these troubles, the hatred of their Christian compatriots has broken forth against that industrious and frugal persuasion with mediæval violence. These are rather sources of combustion than of regeneration. Nor is there any Royal line, deposed and exiled, yet still dear to the heart of the people, or any immemorial and consecrated institution to gather round it the allegiance of the reviving nation and form the solid foundation of a settled government. The new Polish Constitution will have to be erected, like a new viaduct, on piles driven for the occasion into a rather deep and treacherous morass. That public spirit, and even the dignified self-control of passive protest against the oppressor, should be displayed while the revolution is actually going on, is not wonderful, nor does it afford any assurance for the future. Such moral efforts are frequently produced by the stimulus of a crisis, and afterwards followed by the most disastrous and humiliating relapse. Under such circumstances, we may think ourselves fortunate in being powerless and irresponsible. The only assistance we can render is that which we are already rendering to all nations, by setting, to the best of our power, an example of constitutional government and temperate freedom. Beyond this, we have nothing to offer but our sympathy, which will be given in unbounded measure to a gallant race struggling again to be a nation, while it will not be altogether withheld from the kind-hearted and inexperienced EMPEROR, who, while endeavouring with all his power to redress injustice and promote the happiness of his people, finds himself, by the evil destiny to which he is an innocent heir, suddenly plunged into a sea of blood.

#### THE BUDGET CONTROVERSY.

THE dullest of topics is a constitutional question which at the time involves no practical result. The Opposition could not risk a division on the Budget Bill against the opinion of its own leaders. Mr. WALPOLE intimated his concurrence in the form of legislation adopted by Mr. GLADSTONE; Sir W. HEATHCOTE approved of it, and Mr. DISRAELI admitted that there was no validity in the technical objection. Mr. MACDONOGH scarcely anticipated that he would be thrown over by the heads of his party, when he expended much research and some ingenuity in the attempt to prove that a multifarious finance Bill was an anomaly. The argument deduced from the different preambles of Bills of Supply and of ordinary measures was answered by a long list of precedents, in which the same Bill had included the repeal and the imposition of taxes. The carefully-collected learning of *tacks* was entirely irrelevant, for every part of a Budget is in substance, as well as in form, intimately related to all the other portions of the same scheme. The extreme case of a Bill for abolishing the Customs and Excise and imposing an Income-tax of forty per cent. failed to strengthen the argument of the Opposition. Such a project would be constitutional and regular in form, although it might be in itself iniquitously absurd. The House of Lords would not be left without a remedy, nor the country without protection, as the Bill might be defeated either by a negative or an amendment, although its details could not practically be altered. As no measure of the kind would be brought forward except by a Government bitterly hostile to the aristocracy, the fear of a collision between the two Houses could scarcely influence either party in the contest.

The strict privileges both of the Lords and the Commons depend on the machinery by which they may be enforced. The refusal of the Lower House to accept amendments in revenue Bills, though it has never been established by law, has been made effective in practice, because the altered measure is necessarily remitted to the House where it originated. Conversely, the Lords were able to defeat the Bill for the repeal of the Paper-duty because there was no formal opportunity of revising their decision. When, in reliance on their legal rights, they ventured on a great constitutional innovation, they virtually challenged the House of Commons to take its stand on its own powers as they might be defined by the largest interpretation. The consequence which has ensued was pointed out in

the height of Lord DERBY's triumph by some critics who preferred political prudence even to financial equilibrium. Mr. WALPOLE and Mr. DISRAELI himself attempted by the same argument to reconcile the House of Commons to a mortifying check. Discontented members were reminded that a repetition of the annoyance might be avoided by a return to the old practice of uniting several financial enactments in a single Bill. Mr. DISRAELI, after his peculiar fashion, added a taunting expression of regret that Mr. GLADSTONE had not placed the repeal of the Paper-duty side by side with the increase of the Income-tax. It is too late to explain that the counsel which has been adopted by the Government was only intended in an ironical sense. A legitimate arrangement which had become obsolete within the century has been revived for the purpose of baffling a policy which the House of Lords had not attempted since the Revolution. In the result the Constitution remains, in substance and in form, in precisely the same state which had given universal satisfaction down to 1860.

Some persons think with Mr. HORSMAN that the Lords might beneficially control the financial legislation which has hitherto been withdrawn from their province. It is undoubtedly possible that in some instances they might prevent a rash experiment, but there would be extreme inconvenience in a second trial of every fiscal project. The effect of the proposed change in constitutional practice, if it had been accomplished some years since, would have been to give Lord DERBY a veto on every financial improvement which has been effected since he assumed the lead of the majority in the House of Lords. A farther result would have consisted in the temptation to Chancellors of the Exchequer to bring forward popular measures in the hope that public feeling or general clamour might assist in forcing them through the obstructive assembly. The difficulty of constructing a judicious Budget would be enormously increased if the Government were obliged to consult a second set of interests and prejudices. Ordinary legislation may wait, often with great advantage, until both Houses are gradually brought round to the same views of expediency or justice, but a tax must be imposed or repealed in the course of the session, with the alternative, not of inaction and delay, but of some counter proposal. The House of Lords undoubtedly corrected a blunder of Mr. GLADSTONE's; but the case of a deficit to be diminished by the unforeseen retention of a tax was peculiar and exceptional. Under ordinary circumstances, the rejection of the Ministerial plan involves, as in the instance of Mr. HORSFALL's amendment, the adoption of some other plan for the disposal of an acknowledged surplus.

It is not the interest of the House of Lords to become responsible for taxation. The unparalleled facility with which the English revenue is raised and gradually increased is chiefly attributable to the popular machinery by which it has from time immemorial been provided. Whatever precedents may be dragged out to justify the recent experiment, it had become a commonplace of constitutional doctrine that neither the Crown nor the House of Lords could impose the smallest burden on the subject. The privilege of the Upper House extended only, in extreme cases, to the right of giving the House of Commons an opportunity for reconsideration, nor is the power abolished by the system of including the entire Budget in the clauses of a single Bill. The effect of an amendment would be to impose on the Ministers the duty of reintroducing the measure, with or without the provisions rejected by the Lords. If the arguments against the disputed enactment were irresistibly strong, the House of Commons might, in conformity with numerous precedents, find it advisable to give way. The House of Lords, on the other hand, would act imprudently in insisting a second time on the correctness of a judgment which the Commons resolutely disputed. There is little use in discussing the question whether an addition to the power of the House of Lords would be a practical improvement of the Constitution. It would be easy to show that the inherent imperfections of a hereditary assembly are most effectually corrected through the caution and delicacy which are required of its leaders when they are aware that its influence is secondary and precarious. In nine cases out of ten, the decisions of the House of Lords are opposed to the real wishes and opinions of its own majority. The Duke of WELLINGTON husbanded the authority of the House with the most jealous prudence; and even Lord DERBY, for the most part, allows Liberal Governments to carry into effect the decisions of the House of Commons. Every tradition, every convention, every technical etiquette of the Constitution,

ought to be carefully maintained by the less robust moiety of the Legislature. The power of the Commons increases from decade to decade, and it is for the Lords to guard every approach by which constitutional change may be introduced to their prejudice. Their power of taxation would not be less remote of attainment even if it could be proved to demonstration that it was indispensable to the welfare of the country. The old story of the utilitarian king who was reminded that he was himself a fiction, conveys a moral which extends beyond Royalty. If the navigator's wife of Lord DERBY's legend had discovered that police law was inapplicable to conjugal quarrels, she would have rendered little service to herself or to her sex.

Happily for weary readers of Parliamentary debates, it will be difficult to carry the Budget controversy much further in either House of Parliament. Mr. DISRAELI assumed, in his short speech on Monday night, that the Paper-duty is virtually at an end; nor would it be possible for the Opposition, after admitting the surplus, and failing in the tea division, to devise any fresh excuse for its retention. The House of Lords will probably express some dissatisfaction with the form of the Bill which will be submitted to their approval; but the substance of their complaint will consist in the well-founded allegation that their grievance is without a remedy. Lord DERBY has already intimated his intention of allowing the repeal of the Paper-duty to pass, and he will certainly not provoke a collision with the House of Commons on new and disadvantageous conditions. To many persons, the apparent triumph of an obnoxious Minister will be the most disagreeable element in the financial question. Mr. GLADSTONE has shown that he knows how to profit by a strong Parliamentary position. He forced his opponents either to take an unpopular issue, by resisting all fiscal concessions, or to acknowledge the accuracy of a doubtful balance-sheet. The immediate success of his measures has been ensured, but his own reputation for prudence, steadiness, and foresight has not been elevated or confirmed.

#### THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

THE speediness with which the QUEEN's Proclamation, warning her subjects not to take part in the American civil war, has been issued, and the strength and distinctness of the terms in which it is couched, ought to be accepted by the Americans as a striking mark of our respect for them, and of our anxiety to abstain from anything that could impart additional bitterness to the contest. English views of the duties and rights of neutrals change with a rapidity and elasticity that may well astonish the world. Sometimes we are all for neutrality, and dilate on the proud position occupied by a nation that will not allow one tittle of the great doctrines of international law to be infringed. Sometimes we keep these great doctrines in the background, and speak only of the holiness or justice of the cause that may happen to interest us. The very Act which the QUEEN's proclamation is intended to enforce received the strenuous opposition of a jurist so eminent in his day as Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. He entertained the opinion that the right of enlisting on any side they might wish well to was one of the proud privileges of Britons, and he complained that the revolted colonies of Spain would lose assistance which it was the interest and pleasure of many Englishmen to render them. Mr. CANNING stood on the loftiest ground of international equity in support of the Bill. It was true that Spain was a weak country, and very ungrateful to England, and very unsound in its notions of honour and honesty; but then, the poorer and less friendly she was, the greater was the glory of showing that England was rigidly and absolutely neutral, unless she took an open part in the war. The doctrine sounded well, and there would have been some credit in announcing and abiding by it, had not its supporters taken the singular precaution of reserving a power to the Crown to violate it at pleasure by issuing an Order in Council. This power was exerted, some years later, to send Sir DE LACY EVANS and his Legion to Spain; and the world was given to understand that there must be exceptions to every rule, and that when it is said that England never takes a part in a struggle except as a belligerent, the declaration must not be expected to have much force if a Constitutional Monarchy and a popular cause are in danger. That we do not see any reason why neutrals should not help us if they can, was intimated with the utmost unreserve by the free and open way in which we

tried to beat up recruits in every quarter of the world during the Crimean war. Nor, as a matter of fact, is it even necessary that an Order in Council should be issued in order to relieve British subjects from the penalties of the Enlistment Act. The nation sometimes makes up its mind that enlistment shall be allowed, and this decision is intimated through a thousand irregular channels. The press treats enlistment as perfectly right, society speaks of the combatants without condemnation, and Ministers announce that they certainly shall not prosecute any one who contravenes the law. It was thus that last year Irishmen were permitted to share the glories of Castelfidardo, and English sailors worked the guns that saved GARIBALDI before Capua. As Lord PALMERSTON put it, English gentlemen might go to Italy if they pleased, and when they got there, nobody could prevent them doing as they pleased. The followers of LAMORICIÈRE and GARIBALDI were merely tourists amusing themselves by going in the way of bullets, and if they did not mind, no one thought it worth while to complain.

When, then, we announce in a very pointed and plain manner that the American war is a totally different thing, and that we cannot allow excursionists to go to New York or New Orleans and share in the amusement of the fighting that is going on there, we announce that this conflict touches us in a manner quite distinct from that in which the Italian or the Spanish or the Greek wars affected us. Englishmen are moved to very solemn and very sad thoughts by this horrible strife of English-speaking men; and it is quite right that the world should be informed as early as possible how we feel. We cannot have any of our own number adding himself to the list of combatants, or assisting one side against the other. It would be a great crime in Englishmen to take part in such a war, even if the Americans were not known to feel very warmly on this very subject of the interference of neutrals. But, as it happens, they of all people would be the most indignant if neutral foreigners were found in arms against them. They gave us one of the many slaps on the face which in the last fifty years we have taken from them with so much laudable patience, because we recruited, or were supposed to recruit, within their boundaries, and they were willing to go to war with any European Power that ventured to help Spain to reconquer her colonies. The interference of Englishmen would also be peculiarly annoying to them. Each side would point to the presence of its English assistants as an indication that the hated and admired mother-country was on its side, and was convinced of the justice of its cause; and the traditional jealousy of all English interference would find an easy vent in exposing and avenging the injury inflicted by the partisanship of volunteers.

A Proclamation against Foreign Enlistment really does little more than register the general opinion as to the lawfulness of taking part in a particular war. If English society generally saw no more harm in joining General BEAUREGARD or General SCOTT than in joining a Papal or Garibaldian regiment, the Proclamation would never have been issued. But it by no means follows that it is superfluous. The distinct announcement of an opinion at an early date tends greatly to impress it on the public mind, and to prevent all that shifting and wavering of thought on a subject of practical interest that is sure to find some vent in a free country unless the question is placed beyond all discussion; and the debate which arose in the House of Lords on Thursday night will strengthen the salutary impression produced by the Proclamation. It was by no means impossible that there might be persons found who, as the struggle went on would plead their interest for assisting the South, or their political sympathies for assisting the North. Such persons are now kept quiet, and will be forced to abstain altogether from going where interest or friendship might lead them. The legal penalties to which they would be exposed will tend greatly to deter them. But they will be held in check by a band that is tighter and stronger than that of legal penalties. Now that public sentiment has been aroused, and public opinion has received the sanction of the law, and been brought home by the use of the QUEEN's name, every private circle will keep a watch over all intended infractions of neutrality by any of its members, and every family will be eager in reprobating a course of action that would be at once unpopular, illegal, and disloyal; and if this is a gain in England, its advantage will be tenfold in those possessions of the Crown that lie adjacent to the United States. The Canadians especially need to be warned that neither their community of interest with the North, nor their propinquity to the



scene of action, nor their hatred of slavery must tempt them for a moment to join in any act of hostility against the South. Unless they had been distinctly warned at the beginning that the law would be enforced, and that England would not overlook in any of her subjects anything like participation in the war, the Canadians might not unreasonably or unnaturally have persuaded themselves that the uncertain provisions of the law against foreign enlistment could not possibly apply to prevent English colonists from helping their nearest neighbours and friends in the hour of danger. It is of even greater importance to England to prevent Canadians from taking a side in this civil war than it is to prevent Englishmen. Those who were injured by the intervention of English combatants would feel equal indignation whether we fought against them ourselves or permitted our colonists to fight; while we should also have to encounter new and great difficulties in our relation with Canada if we accorded to the inhabitants of an English colony tacit permission to act with neighbouring aliens. It may be an advantage or a disadvantage to Canada and to England that the former should be a dependency of the latter; but so long as the relation continues, it is absolutely indispensable that everything should be done to preserve the line of separation that divides a British colony from the hostile or friendly States by which it may be bordered.

#### FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE.

WE are not aware that a neater expedient was ever devised for combining a reputation for exalted patriotism with the strictest regard to one's personal convenience than has been hit upon by some of our advanced Liberals. These gentlemen have started a theory of Parliamentary duty which enables them to take credit for being thoroughgoing financial reformers without ever lifting up a little finger against any single piece of official extravagance or jobbery. As Mr. GLADSTONE has contrived to reconcile a stern and indignant reprobation of profligate expenditure with complacent official responsibility for estimates which shock his moral sense, so the unofficial champions of retrenchment have succeeded in convincing themselves that it is no business of theirs to criticise and check the national outlay which they denounce. Mr. BRIGHT candidly acknowledged, not long ago, that he had a strong aversion to the drudgery of inquiring how the money goes—"it was not very inviting to spend evening after evening in discussing questions of 'hundreds of pounds';" but his followers have raised Parliamentary indolence to the dignity of a principle. They have made the notable discovery that the House of Commons is not the place for opposing the misappropriation of the national resources, and that patriots only waste their time by debating and dividing in Committee of Supply. The independent member has nothing to do with looking into the public accounts, spying out abuses, and strangling jobs. Economy in the abstract is all very well for the platform, but your advanced Liberal has no notion of haggling over the Estimates and diving into the mysteries of official book-keeping. The late Mr. HUME had a turn for this sort of thing; but modern Parliamentary economists lack the robust vigour of that veteran reformer. If a private memorial in the recess can induce a Premier to use his influence with the heads of departments in favour of retrenchment, well and good. If not, there is nothing to be done in the session but to let profligate expenditure take its course. As for the House of Commons being the constitutional guardian of the public purse, the independent member, much meditating on these things, has satisfied himself that it is all a mistake.

On two successive nights in the course of the recent discussions on the Army Estimates, the friends of the people positively declined, on principle, to trouble themselves with inquiring whether the nation was getting value for its money. One respectable Liberal, Colonel SYKES, is of opinion that it is not the duty of the independent member to oppose official waste and extravagance, unless he can see his way to placing Ministers in a minority. "It is useless for an independent member to attempt to reduce particular votes, as the Government always keeps a majority in hand to defeat such attempts." The fact is not, as it happens, quite accurately stated, for the Government does not always keep a sure majority in hand. Not a month ago, the vote for the Major-General commanding the Guards—which will doubtless one day figure on the Radical platform as a choice specimen of the sort of aristocratic job dear to

a corrupt House of Commons—was only passed by a majority of three, and would have been defeated by the very slightest effort on the part of the people's friends, some of whom, by the way, actually voted with Ministers on the occasion. Be this, however, as it may, what are we to think of the sincerity or the manliness of popular politicians who pronounce it useless to open their mouths in Parliament if they are to be outvoted? Another of the PREMIER'S January memorialists, Mr. MELLOR, thinks it folly to "waste time in the House in discussing the details of the Estimates," seeing that "those persons who are most able to reduce the amount of the Estimates are the heads of departments;" from which we gather that, if the heads of departments happen to have expensive tastes, the House of Commons has no choice but to indulge them. This improved reading of the British Constitution seems to have struck Sir MORTON PETO as a very happy idea, for the next night he expanded it into a complete philosophy of Government. The Radical member for Finsbury is profoundly impressed with the general inutility of Parliaments, so far, at least, as financial matters are concerned. He cannot understand a line of the estimates himself, and he defies anybody else to understand them. He is totally unable to "master the details" of a vote about "clerks of works"—a thing which one would have thought rather in his line. "It is impossible for any one not connected with the department to do so." The very Ministers of the Crown are helpless in these matters, for as soon as they begin to gain some little insight into their duties, the chances are that they get turned out of office on some question of party politics. There is only one remedy possible for this state of things. We must do as they do "in France, Prussia, and other countries." Abolish Parliamentary government, and let permanent officials manage everything for us. "The mischief will never be got rid of until the commercial and business duties of the public departments are separated from party politics, and men of official experience are retained in their situations until men of still greater efficiency are ready to take their places." We do not profess to have any very precise idea of the régime which Sir MORTON PETO contemplates, but we can at least make out that he has a poor opinion of representative institutions, and thinks the true check on official extravagance is to be found in an irremovable and irresponsible bureaucracy. Pending the adoption of this well-considered and feasible suggestion, Sir MORTON PETO sees nothing for the House of Commons to do but to take the Estimates as it finds them, and vote them all, right or wrong. It is due to him to add that his practice exemplifies his theory, for we find his name in the Ministerial majority which passed the identical item that aroused his suspicions while it baffled his comprehension. The eminent Finsbury Liberal is so thoroughly convinced of the impropriety of Parliamentary interference with the Estimates, that he records a superfluous vote in favour of a proposal which he pronounces at once unintelligible and objectionable.

It is impossible to imagine a more comfortable political philosophy than that which these men of the people appear to be gradually shaping for themselves. The loudest professions of uncontrollable zeal for retrenchment in general are found to be compatible with an absolute indifference as to the propriety of any particular outlay of public money. A doctrine which enables the independent member to satisfy all the exigencies of the hustings without putting himself to the smallest inconvenience is likely to make converts; and by the time Parliament is fairly reformed on the Birmingham and Finsbury model, it will, we presume, be a settled point that the House of Commons has nothing to do with the Estimates but to vote them. It is at least certain that a Parliament of PETOS would be the most pliant and effective tool of official jobbery that the corruptest of Governments could desire.

#### THE ADDRESSES TO THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA.

THE Upper House at Vienna has embodied in an address to the throne a statement of the views with which the present Constitution is regarded by those who wish it success. The document is characterized by that directness and dignity of language which shines in the despatches and manifestoes of Vienna, and which is so strangely absent in all the official documents that issue from Berlin. The aptitude of Austria and of the Austrian nobility for the arts of imperial government, and the difficulty with which Prussians, even when circumstances most favour them, rise to the height of the most

sion, are illustrated in a very remarkable way by the great difference that marks their State papers. The Italians are the first nation in Europe for public writing, and the Austrians, the French, and the English may perhaps be ranked on a par; while Prussia generally not only says nothing, but says it with the greatest possible confusedness and inelegance. This capacity for conducting the machinery of State affairs in a decorous and imposing manner is never without a considerable influence, both on those who possess it and those who witness it, and it happens that at this moment it is of more than ordinary importance in Austria. It points to a political fact that affects the whole position of the Empire and the whole conduct of the EMPEROR. If all his provinces were alike to him, if none had a natural and traditional pre-eminence, the EMPEROR might calmly survey the several members of his disjointed dominions, and fix on Hungary as the largest, the strongest, and the richest. He might decide to be King of HUNGARY, and summon the representatives of his provinces not to Vienna, but to Pesth. The Hungarians would offer no opposition, and it is scarcely to be supposed that the Germans, the Tyrolese, and the Bohemians would do more than grumble a little at first. If the EMPEROR, by simply moving his Court a little lower down the Danube, could consolidate his Empire and get rid of all his troubles, why does he not do it? The main reason probably lies in the fact that it is the Southern Germans, and the nobility and public men who belong by education and sympathy to Southern Germany, who alone have as yet shown that they are capable of guiding an Empire. The Hungarians have had many men of local eminence, and it is impossible to say what capacities they might develop if they were fairly tried. But hitherto the Germans and their associates, and not Hungarians, have made Austria what she is; and however great her present embarrassment, modern history abundantly proves that she has been governed by men who, on trying occasions and in the hour of difficulty, have shown great ability. To have kept together so long a mass composed of materials so dissimilar, ought to be reckoned among the great feats of government; and it is neither easy nor prudent to depose from authority and to abandon suddenly the class of men by whom this feat has been achieved. If material size and resources and the native independence of the people are alone regarded, it is not unfair to say that Hungary is the England of the Austrian Empire, and that her Scotland and Ireland ought to be joined to that which is the central member, and not to seek to attract the larger to the smaller mass. But England had something more than greater wealth, and numbers, and resources when she incorporated Scotland and Ireland. She had the prestige of a long line of great men and governors, and of a high European position. Hungary has no claim of this kind to warrant her in demanding to be recognised as the true head of the Austrian empire. The great men and governors of Austria who won her a high European reputation have come, not from Hungary, but from Germany.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the address of the Upper House at Vienna breathes the spirit and confidence of men who have long held a high position, who think they deserve it, and are determined, if possible, to retain it. Its framers seem quite alive to the fact that the honour and the dignity of Austria imperatively demand that there should be no appearance of treating the new Constitution as a delusion and a subterfuge. The House, in its more private and internal arrangements, has not shown much sympathy with popular government, and has displayed that disposition to laziness and that indifference to public opinion which are considered so ornamental and creditable to aristocratic assemblies. But when it comes forward to address the Empire and Europe, it casts off sloth and the arrogant affectation of indifference. It is the permanent characteristic of all aristocracies to do little things negligently and great things nobly; and an Austrian House of Peers proves that it is worthy of its class when, at a time like this, it thanks the EMPEROR for his inauguration of representative government, expresses the pride with which it finds the claims of science and literature recognised in the constitution of its own body, and assures its Sovereign that everything shall go on as he could wish. The Ministers have also done their part. They have announced their intention to bring before the Reichsrath a series of measures which every one must allow are exactly what is most wanted in Austria. There is to be a detailed Budget for the current year.

There is to be a full exposition of the financial history of recent years. Protestants are to be conciliated by having the vexatious and difficult question of mixed marriages settled in a fair and liberal spirit. The relations of the State with the Bank are to be examined and recast. A new law is to give security and confidence to the press, and a special provision is to ensure immunity for everything that is said or done by any representative in the Reichsrath. These are measures of solid, sensible reform. They meet the difficulties that must be met if Austria is to escape ruin. They concede all that the languid opinion of the Austrian public can equitably demand. They are sufficient, if the performance is as good as the promise, to place beyond dispute the sincerity with which the EMPEROR has undertaken to mend his ways, and the Cabinet has undertaken to construct a new Austria.

But meanwhile, another address to the EMPEROR is being prepared, and it speaks in a very different tone, and points to very different conclusions. The Hungarian Diet, under the guidance of M. DEAK, is offering an exposition of its views, wishes, and intentions in the form of an address to the KING. The death of Count TELEKI, deeply and deservedly as he has been lamented by the Hungarians, who were convinced of his burning and profound love of his country, may perhaps have happened opportunely, in strengthening the hands of the moderate party, and removing all rivalry and opposition to M. DEAK. He is now enabled to tell his Sovereign the unanimous resolution of the larger half of his MAJESTY'S subjects. In the Austrian address, this majority is passed over very lightly, and is treated as merely subject to the influence of a transitory and unimportant political error. But in Hungary, the Hungarians are everything. The address of the Diet contains a temperate but firm assertion of the historical rights of Hungary, and ignores the other provinces altogether. The Diet troubles itself about the Reichsrath as little as the Reichsrath pretends to trouble itself about the Diet. The Hungarians are united by a merely personal tie to Austria. They call on their King to govern them, to give them an army and a public purse, and to restore to them the dependencies which were once attached to the kingdom. The excellence of the measures which the EMPEROR'S Ministers at Vienna may propose is considered as of not much more importance to Hungarians than to Englishmen. Vienna is the capital of a foreign State, and if the KING has good measures to propose for his Hungarian subjects, he must propose them at Pesth.

These addresses may be considered as the final declarations of both the great parties that divide the Austrian Empire. Each tries to put itself in the best light, to show the justice of its cause, and to prove that further concession is impossible. Hungary and Austria are divided by a difference that is irreconcilable, and in courteous language and in a tone that commands respect, bid each other farewell and defiance. Words can go no further, and the contest must now be remitted to the sphere of action. It is evidently Austria that will take the initiative, and will show her strength first. An announcement has been made that unless the taxes are paid which the Hungarians pronounce illegal as not imposed with the sanction of the national Diet, the defaulting communes will be subjected to a military occupation. And in order to make the blow tell which is thus threatened, and to make resistance hopeless, the army in Italy is, it is said, being reduced, and regiment after regiment is being drafted into Hungary. The Austrian policy is to offer the Hungarians a free government and representative institutions at Vienna whenever they will abandon their claim to have a separate existence as a distinct kingdom, and meanwhile to use the force of an army which is overwhelming in strength, and which will be retained in its fidelity by the habits of military discipline unless any great crisis occurs to call forth popular passions and popular enthusiasm. Were it not for Italy, there is no obvious reason why this policy should not answer; but the Hungarians think that time may tell in their favour. They can oppose a passive resistance to the authority of the Government, and can involve Austria in the embarrassments which cripple the power of a State that is known to be divided and unsound within. Beyond the Alps, there is a nation of friends rapidly fitting themselves for war on a grand scale, and guided by the first statesman in Europe. Ultimately, an appeal to arms is inevitable; and this appeal can alone decide whether the Emperor of AUSTRIA is to reign at Vienna, or the King of HUNGARY at Pesth.



## THE RAGGED SCHOOL DEBATE.

LORD SHAFTESBURY, in his pious and benevolent fury, forgets that the Commission on Education was not appointed to inquire into his discretionary application of his money, his eloquence, and his organized influence. The promoters of Ragged Schools, having vainly endeavoured to obtain assistance from the public revenue, now declare, through their leader, that they have no wish for a grant, and that they would not accept it if it were offered. It was nevertheless the business of the Commission to investigate all forms of popular education, for the purpose of advising the Government and Parliament on the most judicious method of promoting the common object. If they had been satisfied that Ragged Schools were beneficial in themselves, they might possibly have arrived at the further conclusion that the system might properly be extended by Parliamentary assistance. Having ascertained that there were strong objections to such a course, they leave Lord SHAFTESBURY and his followers precisely where they found them—by no means interfering with their efforts, although in the discharge of their duty they have recommended the Crown to withhold its active support from their enterprise. It was necessary to explain their decision by the reasons on which it was founded, but the actual recommendation in the Report substantially coincided with Lord SHAFTESBURY's vehement protest against officious assistance. The burst of querulous indignation which a few dispassionate paragraphs have called forth illustrates the striking similarity of tone, of temper, and of principle, which, notwithstanding all differences of dogma and of national character, almost identifies Exeter Hall with the Vatican. The Duke of NEWCASTLE must have felt on Monday night the mixture of annoyance and amusement which is probably experienced by VICTOR EMMANUEL when he finds that the HOLY FATHER has just delivered himself of one of his shrill periodical volleys of curses. Oral delivery, and the use of fluent English instead of ecclesiastical Latin, may have given additional vigour to the Protestant commination, but Lord SHAFTESBURY's advantage was counterbalanced by the necessity of regarding the order of the House of Lords, and by the inconvenient obligation of listening to a reply. At his own little College of Cardinals in the Strand, the self-elected pontiff had previously delivered a more congenial and vituperative allocution, and his subsequent correspondence with Mr. CUMIN gave him an opportunity of directing his thunders against an individual heretic.

In the words of the Report, "The Ragged Schools are, for obvious reasons, confined to large towns, and they are nowhere conducted with greater energy than in Bristol. Both in that city and at Plymouth, Mr. CUMIN examined them minutely, and formed an opinion which was, on the whole, unfavourable to their usefulness as a permanent part of a national system of education." On the authority of this temperate statement, Lord SHAFTESBURY announced that Mr. CUMIN had examined only one Ragged School, which was "in the city of Plymouth." The falsehoods, the calumnies, and the malignity of the Commissioners consist in their recital of the opinion which Mr. CUMIN, whether he was right or wrong, undoubtedly formed and expressed. Exeter Hall is probably not in the habit of quoting evidence with equal accuracy and impartiality. After all, the student and admirer of theological amenities regrets the absence of the good old mediæval language, with its damnable superlatives and expletives. *Proh nefus! Oh hominum impietas! horrendum facinus! præissimus iste Cumini!* such are the flowers of speech which would have welcomed the doubts of an Italian Commission as to the utility of an authorized ragged brotherhood. In substance, Lord SHAFTESBURY rivals in dogmatism and in a certain moral obtuseness any Board of Inquisitors which ever dispensed with testimony, or overruled it. His letters and his speeches are founded on the assumption that the beneficial operation of Ragged Schools is neither an object of inquiry nor a result of experience, but an article of faith. The Commissioners point out an obvious classification of the children who frequent these institutions, according to the character and circumstances of their parents. They show that some families could afford to pay for education in the public schools, if they had not a gratuitous and inferior substitute at their doors. Respectable parents in extreme poverty could attain the same object by charitable aid; and the children of absolute paupers ought to be both maintained and taught in district schools. There remains a small fraction of disorderly vagrants and outcasts for whom

Ragged Schools or other applications of private benevolence may, to a certain extent, furnish an available refuge. Some experienced observers think that the mere instruction of criminals only develops their vicious propensities; and the most zealous friends of the movement are constantly tempted to withdraw the objects of their liberality from all contact with those corrupt influences which surround them.

If Lord SHAFTESBURY were capable of reasoning, or of listening to reason, he could scarcely deny that a child is injured when he is sent to a Ragged School instead of a public school. He would also be compelled to admit that decent children might be more effectually and more cheaply assisted by contributions of clothes and of school pence, than by the maintenance of separate establishments in which they are forced to associate with the lowest of the community. The only clients whom he retains are the young savages on whose behalf he characteristically resents the charge that they are disorderly and dirty. The figures which he parades with so much complacency are no subject for congratulation if they really represent the number of children who are the off-spring of irreclaimable reprobates. The Commissioners have not proposed that any class of the population should be neglected in a general scheme of education. The only pretext for Lord SHAFTESBURY's foul-mouthed animosity is to be found in a difference of opinion as to the best mode of providing instruction for the poor. The Commissioners think that the majority of the children now taught in Ragged Schools might be provided with a higher moral and intellectual education, and they consider that no permanent system can be based on a recognition of the hopeless depravity of dissipated parents. Feeling that the question is fairly open to discussion, they publish, side by side with their own opinions, the opposing arguments of Miss CARPENTER, who concurs in Lord SHAFTESBURY's enthusiasm for Ragged Schools, and who has acquired a large experience of their organization. With no better excuse, the chief representative both of professional philanthropy and of Pharisaic religion addresses to the Duke of NEWCASTLE and his colleagues language which is by common consent excluded from the calmer arena of secular controversy. The criticism which his intemperance renders necessary will probably be received with the implacable and pachydermatous endurance of a practised martyr.

Lay moralists, while they reserve their faith in a higher standard of duty, must perhaps acquiesce in the practical observation that many kinds of men besides religious and philanthropic leaders hate their enemies at least as sincerely as they love their friends. There are, however, wide differences both in the causes of hostility and in the conditions of good will or toleration. The friends of the philanthropist are the poor, the ignorant, the recipients of benevolence who can offer no return, and, generally speaking, all inferiors and actual or possible dependents. The enemies whom he never forgives are equals who reject his opinions. It is an excellent thing to serve the needy, and many mistakes may be tolerated in consideration of the general purpose, but Lord SHAFTESBURY may be assured that the forgiveness of the rich, or rather of the educated, is a virtue not altogether to be despised. Narrow minds identify with all their proceedings the religion and benevolence by which they are perhaps really inspired. Spite, acrimony, calumny, indifference to truth, impatience of honest opposition, with other weaknesses of ordinary men, assume the aspect of virtues in the clouded sectarian understanding. All the truths and sanctions of religion, the whole temporal and eternal welfare of mankind, have not the slightest tendency to turn all the Ragged Schools of Bristol into one Ragged School at Plymouth. Worldly men, though they are often unjust, have not unfrequently been found capable of caudid retraction. Rome and Exeter Hall stand alone, not in violation of truth, but in a shameless obduracy of falsehood. The plot of the Royal Commission against Ragged Schools will probably become as firmly established in sectarian history as the irrevocable declaration of the Holy See that JANSENIUS laid down heretical propositions which none of his disciples or opponents have ever been able to find in his works.

## FORTS OR SHIPS?

THE science of naval attack and defence has been so rapidly progressive of late that it is not surprising that the conclusions of the Fortification Commissioners, which were accepted last year by almost all who were entitled to speak with authority on the subject, should have been once

more called in question. It must be acknowledged that the objections recently raised, or rather renewed, deserved a careful examination, not merely because they proceeded from one of the most ingenious designers of novel means of defence, but from the strong *prima facie* case which was made out in favour of iron ships as substitutes for fixed forts. Thanks to the promptitude with which Lord HERBERT directed the attention of the Fortification Commission to Captain COLES' pamphlet, the question has been, we think, effectually set at rest by the further report which the renewed inquiry has elicited. It will be remembered that the plan which was adopted for the defence of Portsmouth was to include the anchorage of Spithead and the Isle of Wight in a complete system of detached forts, which it was hoped would render it almost impossible for an enemy to approach within shelling distance of Portsmouth Dockyard. It was proposed that the other dockyards should be fortified on the same principle. Portsmouth, however, is the most vital point, and the one which presents the most serious difficulties; and in questioning the sufficiency of the plans of the Commissioners, Captain COLES has confined himself almost exclusively to this one most important and vulnerable dockyard.

The great difficulty in defending Portsmouth arises from the large extent of the waters of Spithead, and the considerable breadth of the entrances both on the east and west. To meet this, the Commissioners proposed to place forts upon some of the principal sandbanks, which, in conjunction with the shore defences, would bring the whole anchorage under the range of heavy ordnance. By these arrangements, it would be impossible for an enemy's ship to approach the inner waters without first running the gauntlet of formidable batteries at ranges seldom exceeding 1000 yards. But if this passage could once be effected (and such a feat is admitted by the Commissioners to be feasible at the cost of a certain amount of damage), the hostile fleet might take up a position some 2000 yards distant from the nearest fort, and get within the radius of 8000 yards from the dockyard—a distance which might be covered by shells fired from rifle cannon. Captain COLES contends that an iron fleet could not only take up this position, but could remain there in comparative safety until it had destroyed Portsmouth, as our gunboats destroyed Sweaborg.

The premisses from which he draws this conclusion are accurate enough in the present state of the science of gunnery and defence. He assumes that the sides of an iron ship cannot be penetrated at distances exceeding one thousand yards by any projectile which has yet been constructed. This is experimentally true; but how long it will remain so is somewhat doubtful. Sir WILLIAM ARMSTRONG is perhaps naturally doubtful that the improvements in cannon will fully keep pace with the improvements in the construction of so-called invulnerable ships. This is of course matter of speculation, and it is certain that, however much the weight and force of projectiles may be increased, the great engine of destruction, a flat-headed bolt, will lose all its special power at long distances, because it cannot be made to strike end-on when once a practically point-blank range has been exceeded. It is satisfactory, therefore, to find that the answer given by the Commissioners to Captain COLES' objections does not depend on anticipations of this character. It is only fair to say that Captain COLES, while attempting to demolish one project, recognises the obligation of setting up a better in its place. Such fixed forts as it is practicable to erect before Portsmouth being, in his opinion, inadequate as a protection to the harbour, he would do away with them altogether, and substitute moveable fortresses—in other words, a fleet of iron-sided steam-ships—as the single defence of our various dockyards. Every one is agreed that England must soon find the means of creating a fleet of iron-sides, and few will object to Captain COLES' proposal to keep at least a considerable portion of such a fleet constantly patrolling the Channel, at least in times like the present. The question, in his view, resolves itself into a mere matter of finance. Will a given expenditure furnish more protection in the shape of iron ships than it would do in the form of fixed forts? Captain COLES rates the efficiency of the proposed sea fortresses almost at nothing, and has, perhaps rightly, unlimited confidence in iron vessels, especially if built upon his own ingenious construction. He has therefore no difficulty in answering the question in favour of ships as a substitute for forts.

The Commissioners prove at any rate that this is a very one-sided judgment. The comparative merits of forts and ships may be summed up easily enough. A ship has one

great advantage over a fixed fort. It can be placed just where it is wanted, and cannot be silenced or evaded except by an enemy of superior strength or speed. In every other respect, the advantage is all on the side of the fort. If the sides of a man-of-war can be made almost invulnerable, those of a fortress may be rendered perfectly so. The ten inches of iron which are to form the casing of the Portsmouth forts will stand vastly more battering than the sides of any ship which can possibly float. Then a ship may be boarded, while the new forts will present a vertical face which would defy any attempt at escalade. The destructive power of batteries on a steady platform, moreover, would be beyond all comparison greater than that of a ship's broadside, and the vertical rain of shells upon the bombarding fleet would probably interrupt their proceedings somewhat more than Captain COLES imagines, even at a distance of two or three thousand yards. These and other considerations of the like kind certainly dispose of the extravagant notion that the forts would be of no avail when once a hostile fleet had penetrated to the anchorage of Spithead.

But the scheme of the Commission never was to rely on fixed batteries alone. A very inferior force of plated ships or floating batteries could, under cover of the forts, engage with success an enemy penned up by the forts themselves within a very narrow area of comparative safety; and it is by such a combination of fixed and moveable batteries that the defence of Portsmouth is intended to be secured. If ships alone are to be employed, as Captain COLES suggests, the fleet detailed for dockyard defence must be much larger than would otherwise be needed; and considering that every ship would cost as much as one of the forts, the economy of the plan is not very obvious, even without regard to the enormous annual outlay in maintaining in commission so many vessels which would be utterly useless for manœuvring purposes unless they were to abandon their primary duty of keeping guard over the Dockyards. By all means let us have an iron fleet as large and as efficient as Captain COLES desires; but when we have it, it would be a waste of so splendid an instrument of warfare to keep it perpetually chained to the coast in order to protect our otherwise defenceless arsenals.

Forts, it may be conceded, would not render the dockyards absolutely safe; but every fort would set free a certain number of ships from a duty which would otherwise absorb the whole of our naval resources. Even as regards material, the combination of forts and floating batteries seems to be a more economical mode of defence than the exclusive use of sea-going steamers. But the strongest part of the Commissioners' case still remains. The supply of seamen fit for the Royal Navy is, and always must be, limited, while there is no limit to the number of artillerymen who can be trained, and that in a moderate time, to serve the guns of a fortress. Captain COLES' plan is to defend the dockyards by detailing for the purpose a very considerable proportion of our whole naval force. The Commissioners, on the other hand, would draw at least the greater portion of the force required for this purpose from other sources, and leave all the seamen of the navy free to do the work which seamen only are fit for. If there were no other reason for preferring the scheme which has been adopted to Captain COLES' substitute, this seems to us to be quite conclusive—at any rate until the means of manning the navy with efficient hands have been developed very far beyond the point as yet reached. A sailor is too valuable to be employed in any work which a landsman can do for him; and a system of defence which relieves the navy in great measure, if not entirely, from the duty of protecting the dockyards, is equivalent to a corresponding increase of our naval resources. This is a consideration which Captain COLES seems entirely to lose sight of; and his whole reasoning tacitly assumes that when once ships are built they can be manned as fast as may be desired, and kept constantly in commission at no greater expense than is involved in the maintenance of a fortress of corresponding power. As the truth is notoriously the reverse of this, it would be no slur upon the prudence and economy of the Government scheme to prove (what Captain COLES has scarcely proved) that 1,000,000*l.* spent on iron ships would create a more formidable weapon of defence than the same amount of expenditure upon permanent fortresses. We are glad, therefore, to find that it has been decided to prosecute the defensive works in progress with the utmost possible despatch.



## PRIGGISHNESS.

WHEN a little boy goes to school, his parents naturally give him some good advice. They sum up the teaching of his infancy, and add the instruction that they think is adapted to his new sphere. He is to be, generally speaking, a good boy, and more particularly to be clean, and punctual, and civil—not to tell lies, and not to go with bad boys. When he is once at school, his pastors and masters inculcate a new set of duties. He is to come in and go out at certain hours; he is to be out of bed at one time, and into bed at another time. He is never to use translations, and is to look out every word in the dictionary. As he gets a little older, the ladies of the tuitional world bring their battery of indirect education to bear on him. His growing sense of honour, and his growing wish to be thought gentlemanly and nice, prompt him to have a word in season for these ladies, and to treat them with a profound suavity and politeness. When he goes to college, if that is his destination, further means of improvement await him. He is encouraged by the tutor of his college to come to chapel regularly, to live in a good set, to get scholarships, to wear his gown and cap when it is proper, and at fitting hours to be gently unwise, and discard his academical dress with decorous audacity. Let us suppose that a young gentleman, through ten or twelve long years, obeys, so far as human frailty will permit, all these instructions. Let us suppose that he gets up at the right time, goes regularly to chapel, learns hard books with unassisted pertinacity, smirks in the right way to women, talks in the right way to men, never owes a sixpence, never makes a doubtful acquaintance, is always clean, tidy, and irreproachable. He is a paragon of virtue, and may claim that he should have the honour that virtue demands. He may expect that parents should admire and love him, tutors exalt him to the skies, his contemporaries look on him as a model. He is what others ought to be, and if ever people admire their own ideal, he might fairly expect to be admired. But what is the fact? Is this good young man loved, admired, and worshipped as he ought to be? His fate is very different. His virtues have ruined him, and parents, tutors, friends, and acquaintances, all with one voice set him down as an irretrievable prig.

At first sight this seems very hard, and there is nothing much more puzzling in the whole range of morals and in the whole lot of man on earth, than the strange interdependence of vice and virtue. It appears as if all virtues, when carried too far, passed into vices, and as if virtue were scarcely virtue unless it had some imperfection mixed up with it. All people who are not shocked by theories, and who speak unaffectedly as they feel, must love and admire persons who are not so much faultless as heroic. It is the great qualities of the human mind—generosity, ardour, courage, calm wisdom—that captivate us; and as those possessing great qualities seldom, as a matter of fact, take pains enough with themselves to attain perfection in trifles, it comes to be taken for granted, on the suggestion of experience, that a great man is a faulty man. The contempt or antipathy with which prigs are regarded is also a kind of tacit protest against putting all virtues on the same level. A man who is very neat, exact, civil, and punctilious, seems to be defrauding great men of their due by obtruding these little excellences as if on a level with great virtues. There is also a general feeling that prigs are debarred from entering into the position of their neighbours, and of understanding how faults are committed, and what is the force of temptations to ordinary minds. Old maids are looked on among women very much as prigs are looked on among men, and the secret reason why old maids are often held in so much disfavour is, that they are supposed to be unable or unwilling to enter into the pangs and sorrows of others, and especially of mothers and young women. This is frequently very unjust, but it must rest on some good ground, or it would scarcely be felt so widely. But whatever may be the true moral standing-point of prigs, those amiable and impertinent wretches may well ask society to explain where, and in what respect, and at what particular moment, they have gone wrong. They have been told to do as they did, and they obeyed. If the rules were not meant to be obeyed, they ought not to have been promulgated. If society, and parents, and guardians, and teachers of all kinds, insist on enacting a code of minute provisions, to disobey which is naughty, and to obey which is fatal, this surely ought not to be laid at the door of those who only act as they are told, and try to do their best. There can be no doubt that, in strict reason, a prig could prove to any one who would listen to him that he ought to be pitied and not condemned.

It might naturally be supposed that the prig was the victim, not of education in general, but only of a bad education. Prigs, it might be said, are favoured, because trifles are made of too much importance. The wrong things are taught, and in the wrong way. Education should be so directed as to open and enlarge the mind. It is not only the dead languages that should be studied, but all the various sciences that bear on modern life. The prig would be wiser if he was set to learn political economy and law, and taught to take a lively interest in chemistry, botany, and mineralogy. He should be encouraged to watch current politics, and to know statesmen, orators, and Parliamentary leaders. He will thus get into a higher range, and be liberal, wide, and sympathetic. Alas! people little know what a prig is who talk in this way. Of all prigs, the really well-informed, liberal, scientific, sociable, prig is the most

intolerable. There is no escaping him. He is down on you in everything. He has got the last set of statistics in political economy. He knows the last plausible theory in mineralogy. He can put the most decent and creditable opinions into the newest and roundest sentences, and enunciate them in a serene, confident voice, which makes sensitive hearers wish him down in the Red Sea. The annoyance he causes is great, for he induces people to hate the opinions they believe to be true, because they give him the advantage of being in the right, which they are sure is much more than he deserves. A better education does not cure a prig of his priggishness—it only alters its type. And perhaps there is no more disappointing result of all that we most pride ourselves on in civilization than a man who has got the art of being a bore to perfection, and has learned how to perfect himself by taking an interest in all that is dear to a refined and cultivated intellect. The grey-headed barbarian may be lower than the Christian child, but he is very little, if at all, lower than the highest style of prig. That is, he is not lower so far as amusing, improving, and stimulating other people goes. So far as the prig personally is concerned, he has the reward of virtue. He is good, and the grey-headed barbarian is probably naughty. But the barbarian, unless he is utterly bestial or idiotic, can generally make a civilized man reflect and suggest profitable ideas; whereas the prig, far from giving anything new, throws an unpleasant colouring over what is old and good.

If we contemplate prigs long enough and deeply enough, we shall probably come to the conclusion that their weakness really consists in their nature being too imitative, docile, and plastic. They have no existence apart from that which is cut out for them by others. They use and appropriate too readily the fruits of experience embodied in an educational system. All the rules and laws that are laid down presuppose that a certain resistance will be made to them, and it is in the conquest of this resistance by the united efforts of the tutor and the pupil that the virtue of the system consists. Unless this description of conquest has been gone through, the virtues that men exhibit never seem their own, and have no attractive force for other people. It is because our heroes have fought and triumphed in moral and internal contests that we admire and love them. The prig is a bore when he gets on a big subject, because we feel that his opinions are second-hand, however right they may be. The expressive phrase, that a man talks like a book, exactly hits off the person who retails the sort of information we generally look for in books, and puts it in the same way in which it is ordinarily put in print. And this is the true reason why no ingenuity or labour will ever get rid of prigs. They are not the result of a bad system, but of a good one. They are the splendid failures of a great educational machinery. There must be failures of some kind in every machinery, and if our educational machinery does not produce any failures worse than prigs, we may be very well pleased.

Those who are brought into close contact with men of this sort, and who look on them as contemporaries and equals, are apt perhaps to take too gloomy a view of prigs. The qualities that stamp the character of a prig are quite compatible with many excellences and with a considerable aptitude for the discharge of many duties. A prig, for example, may very often make a capital minor official. His civility, punctuality, and his plausible way of putting educational platitudes, at once endear him and make him of value to that large class of political and social superiors who like a respectful, useful, creditable subordinate. In the educational world, too, where prigs naturally most abound, they may hold a very high place without any alarming inefficiency. There are certain rather high qualities that a prig sometimes shows in such a sphere. He may, for example, display much more moral courage than would be expected. The reason is, that directly he sees that a thing ought to be done, he sets about having it done from his old habit of obeying, and is not easily frightened or shaken, as the self-complacency he has probably nursed up through a long course of years comes to the aid of his principles, and makes it seem impossible to himself that he should yield. This firmness is apt to degenerate into stubbornness, because the narrowness of his range and the limited nature of his experience prevent him from giving way to what he thinks vacillation or a love of change. He also pleases a large portion of the public, and that in itself is a sort of merit in a teacher. He is sure to be eminently safe; for even if fashion lures him into being speculative, he knows how to be safely unsafe, and all those who have only occasional relations with him find him reliable, distinct, and business-like. A prig of a rather high grade may therefore often find that the path of promotion is open to him, and he gets with credit and respect through life, although he does not waken much enthusiasm. He may quite deserve his good fortune, although five minutes at a time with him may be quite enough for his friends. They may be glad to unbutton themselves from his grasp, and abuse him when he is gone, but they must allow that he is a very useful member of society in his way, and ought to have his share of the pudding for which every one is longing.

## MR. CLOSE, THE LAUREATE.

ON Thursday, the 2nd of May, a question was put by Mr. Stirling to Lord Palmerston in the following terms—"If it was true that a pension of 50*l.* had lately been granted out of the Fund set apart for persons of literary eminence in distressed circumstances

to Mr. J. Close, residing at Kirkby-Stephen, Westmoreland, the author of poems, and styling himself Poet Laureate to his Majesty the King of Bonny, West Africa?" The noble Premier answered the question in the noble Premier's usual manner. "It was quite true that a pension of 50*l.* a year had been granted to Mr. Close, the Westmoreland poet . . . in consequence of the recommendations contained in a petition signed . . . by Lord Carlisle, Lord Lonsdale, and a great number of country gentlemen, clergymen, and others, altogether some hundreds of names. . . . Mr. Close was one of those men who, in a very humble station . . . by innate genius, had risen above their class, and had distinguished themselves in literature, not certainly in a manner equal to Burns, but generally deserving to be placed in the same category. The pension was given, as he (Lord Palmerston) thought, deservedly. . . . As to the title which Mr. Stirling said Mr. Close had assumed, he (Lord Palmerston) was ignorant that Mr. Close enjoyed such a distinction . . . the office was not one of profit . . . and he was not aware that Mr. Close had any pretensions to the title which it was supposed he had assumed." A complete and perfect reply, as it seems. Mr. Stirling was thoroughly demolished. A bard all but equal to Burns was very properly recommended to the consideration of the Crown, and "a mark of distinction of great value to the recipient had been awarded to a deserving person, which was not only agreeable to his own feelings, but valuable as increasing the consideration he enjoyed among his neighbours." As to the absurd title, "said to have been assumed," and "supposed to have been assumed," by Mr. Close, it was quite plain, though he was too polite to tell Mr. Stirling so, that Lord Palmerston did not believe a word of it. The "Poet Laureate to the King of Bonny" was all a mischievous myth. Triumphant, exhaustive, and conclusive as was the noble Premier's reply, it does not seem to have satisfied Mr. Stirling; though the forms of the House, on putting a question, do not permit the percontatorial process to be continued. The question was put and answered; and Mr. Stirling, by way of continuing the dialogue, has named an "early day" for a motion for a return of all pensions recently granted to literary persons, together with the grounds on which they have been granted.

We must frankly own that we are much more concerned with Lord Palmerston's reply to Mr. Stirling than with the fact that a pension has been granted to Mr. Close, the Westmoreland poet. Mr. Close is nothing more than a pretender of the very humblest grade, as we shall presently show. In a case of this kind, it would have been more dignified for the Government to confess the blunder than to justify it. Lord Palmerston might very reasonably and very properly have said that he had relied entirely on the testimonials to Mr. Close's literary merits which had reached him; that a pension had been awarded to the man under thorough misrepresentation and misunderstanding; that it was not suitable to the dignity of the Crown to revoke its liberality in this case; but that pensions to literature were not to be prostituted to unworthy objects, and that care would be taken that no such mistake should occur in future. This is what Lord Palmerston did not say. What he did say, by implication, was that Mr. Close was a very deserving person; that his poems merited a nation's gratitude and a sovereign's reward; and that Mr. Stirling had only shown the narrowness of a little mind in declining to recognise a humble genius who walked in glory and in joy on the Westmoreland fells. Now about these humble geniuses generally. We are not going to disparage them; but if the metal is true, it will force itself into circulation. Burns, who is the type of the class, had plenty of recognition even in his life-time, and though he was not put on the pension list, he had opportunities, insufficient perhaps, but, after all, more and greater than he chose to avail himself of. Stephen Duck, the thrasher, Queen Caroline's pet rustic, got into holy orders and a living for verses not quite so execrable as those of Mr. Close. Jasmin, the French Burns, has earned a European fame. Bloomfield, Blackett, and Clare certainly were not allowed to starve by an unsympathizing world. In our own times the trammels of poverty have not kept down the rising strength and indomitable vigour of Gerald Massey; and there is a Devonshire postman who has no reason to complain that chill penury has damped the poetic fire. But it is not every scribbler of what he is pleased to call poetry who has a right to be recognised as a poet. Probably there is not a neighbourhood in which a local poet does not already exist; and when a Royal Bounty in the form of an annuity of 50*l.* is proclaimed, it is certain that the village Theocritus will be an institution as inevitable as the vestry, or even the vicar himself. It is a public duty to scrutinize very closely the claims of the rustic Muse when it is encouraged in this way.

We have before us two fasciculi, "price 9*d.* each," of "The Poetical Works of J. Close, with a fine portrait of the Poet." They are presented to us "Under Royal patronage; also the Earl of Carlisle, K.G., Hon. Col. Lowther, M.P., the Bishops of London and Durham, Dean of Carlisle, Sir George Musgrave, Bart., &c. &c. We produce a specimen of the poetry thus patronized. Here is Poet Close in his amatory vein:—

I want a Little, tidy body,  
All Soul, all animation,  
To cheer one up when in despair,—  
A fig for Bank or Station.

A boiling-over—full of Love, O!  
What is Life without this feeling?  
A darling, charming, Turtle-dove, O!  
Child or two—don't stint, when dealing.

Poet Close—like other poets—addresses the Moon:—

Ride on, thou Moon,  
Sweet silver Moon,  
Fair Luna, Queen of Night!  
Like Maiden coy,  
When full of joy,  
Thou smiles in splendour bright;  
From comet torn  
Of beauty shorn  
No mortal mind can tell;  
Where'er thou shines,  
O'er foreign climes,  
Performs thy duty well.

Our space being limited, we forbear to give further extracts from this wretched doggrel; but here is the man's own account of himself. The son of a butcher at Kirkby-Stephen, he began to write at the age of sixteen. He has cultivated satire as well as moral and personal poetry; and at the Liverpool assizes of 1856 a verdict for libel, with 300*l.* damages, was awarded against him. On this occasion the petition to Lord Palmerston for a pension was got up, and so highly was the poet thought of in the town in which he lives, that a subscription to reimburse him for his sufferings for truth produced eighteen pence. Last year, Poet Close became acquainted with some wretched negro, now or lately in London, the displaced chief of one of the Western tribes in Congo, who thinks proper to style himself King of Bonny. This person is in the keeping of one Thwaites, Prime Minister to his Sable Majesty; and the pair between them concocted the following insolent and absurd document, which we copy from the poet's works. It is surmounted by the arms of England, and endorsed "By Royal Authority, dated October 1, 1860:—"

*Appointment of John Close, Esq., Poet Laureate to Pepple, King of Grand Bonny, Western Africa.*

Know all Men by these Presents, that We, Pepple, King of Grand Bonny, Western Africa, do hereby nominate and appoint John Close, of Poet's Hall, Kirkby-Stephen, in the county of Westmoreland, Esquire, to be our Poet Laureate.

Given at Tottenham, in the county of Middlesex, the first day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty.

(Signed)

PEPPLE.

Witness—Richard Thwaites.

This precious "appointment" elicited the following "Letter of Thanks":—

Poet's Hall, Kirkby-Stephen, Westmoreland, October 10th, 1860.

MAY IT PLEASE YOUR MAJESTY,—The honour of being appointed Poet Laureate to your Majesty has so filled my heart with joy, that I cannot find words to express *all I feel*; but this I may be permitted to say, that in all Victoria's Realms there beats no warmer heart than mine, who hope to live and die the faithful servant of King Pepple.

May that God who sees all the dwellers on this green earth—who Rules on High and over all the children of men, ever have your Majesty in His most Holy Keeping,—is the prayer of Your Majesty's Faithful Servant,

JOHN CLOSE, P.L.

His Majesty King of Grand Bonny, &c. &c. &c.

This is followed by the Poet's "Dedication":—

All hail! King Pepple, hail!  
I never bent the knee,  
Unless to God in prayer,  
For help in misery—  
My only help was there.

All hail! King Pepple, hail!  
I'll bow to thee,  
The rightful Majesty  
Of Bonny, in fair Africa—  
I'll bend the knee.

All hail! King Pepple, hail!  
Welcome to Britain's land,  
I long to kiss the Royal Hand,  
And in thy honour'd presence stand,  
With pride I'll write for thee,  
As long as life shall be—  
True Laureate to Majesty.

And when above the skies,  
In yon celestial clime,  
I hope to see King Pepple there,  
Beyond the realms of time!

J. CLOSE, Poet Laureate.

October 10th, 1860.

Mr. Close's poems are, it seems, voluminous. We hear of his "Memorials of the Dead," "Great Men of Westmoreland" (1*s.* 4*d.*), "Poet Close and his Pension" (10*d.*), and a variety of other poems. His mode of life seems to be this:—He levies black mail on everybody in his neighbourhood, and, after the fashion of those enterprising peddlars who leave steel pens and sealing-wax at all our doors, sends his little packets of nonsense by the post, enclosed in threatening letters with minatory hints for remittances and subscriptions. His poems are of a decidedly local and personal significance. Those who are terrorized into sending the post-stamps are bespattered with the most fulsome and foolish laudation. One Dr. Rooke, who appears to be an itinerant practitioner, is thus bepraised by the poet. We read of

His famous Oriental Pills,  
Ship-loads they bear away  
To every quarter of the world  
Where Britain holds the sway;



to which pills "the great J. Sheridan Knowles, Esq.," bears this curious and practical testimony:—"Your pills are the most extraordinary purgatives I ever took . . . gentle, sufficiently copious, and perfectly uniform"—which, indeed, may be said of Poet Close's drastics. He administers fly-sheets, specimens, and serial numbers of his works to everybody whose name he can discover. If the poor recipient of Poet Close's appeals submits, he is instantly consigned to immortality and a greasy set of verses. If not, and if any body is courageous enough to throw the rubbish behind the fire, or not to remit postage-stamps, he receives the iambics of this Westmoreland Archilochus. "Sir George Musgrave"—we quote Close's own words—"again sends the poet 2*l.*, the Very Rev. Dr. Close, Dean of Carlisle, 10*s.* W. Dent, Esq., with his wonted generosity, sends 10*s.* One large-hearted clergyman at Ousby sends a penny stamp." "Not a soul called to see the poet this bitter day save the worthy curate—who kindly gave the poet 2*s.* 6*d.* for a copy of his new poems." "Samuel Morley, Esq., the great London merchant, sends 2*l.*" All are thanked with greasy laudation. But here is a specimen of the *per contra*, and thus "the poet" moralizes on the ingratitude of man:—"Among the towns and gentry who *might*, but *did not*, smile on the poor poet in his hard struggle to publish his poems by the sale of his fly sheets, may be mentioned"—and here follows a whole list of towns and of persons from whom the poet received no reply. In his mildest language the poet complains that, prophet-like, he has no honour in his own country. "At Kirkby-Stephen no one ever smiled on poor John Close, or asked him to sit down, or has he ever sat at any of their tables!" "The gentry of Kirkby-Stephen seem quite to forget that the poet keeps a small shop of books and fancy stationery . . . but for such men as Dr. Dinwoodie, the poor bard and his family might starve." "As regards certain gentry . . . we leave the matter to God and their own consciences." This charitable determination, however, is not carried out: for a "lawyer Stott" is abused by name, and so is a Mr. Kirkatt. "John Nicholson, Esq., of Kirkby-Thore," is pelted through a dozen stanzas only because he did not return an answer in the practical shape of a subscription to the poet's begging letters. "As a contrast" to the liberality of R. Addison, Esq. . . . "the Vicar of Kendal sent the poet one stamp." "Thomas Hutton, Esq., of Sudley, the celebrated bone-setter," is saluted in six stanzas of doggerel. Dean Close, whose patronage of the poet is, we believe, not to be attributed to family affection, receives the following letter of thanks from "Poet Close":—

Oh, what a world, a wondrous world is this!  
When Bishops preach, and point the road to bliss;  
When Deans as humble, pious as St. Paul,  
Wash sinners' feet,—love each immortal soul.  
Hail! Dr. Close, the church is blest in thee;  
What lofty eloquence! what deep piety!  
How Angels smile and hover on the wing,  
To see how little worms rejoice and sing!

But, as we have shown, the little worm can sting as well as sing. We are significantly informed that "copies have been sent to the Lord Mayor, Miss Burdett Coutts, &c., but as yet no response."

All this, of course, lets us into the secret of the petition sent to Lord Palmerston. Those who would not give or sign were to be terrorized. Hush-money, or black-mail, libel or subscription—this is "the Poet's" way of doing business. It is no wonder that five hundred persons submitted to this sort of screw. Lord Lonsdale and Lord Carlisle very imprudently submitted to the insolent imposition of this man Close to save trouble; the Bishop of London is paraded as a patron only because he was simple enough to acknowledge the Poet's letter; and it is quite possible that the majority of the five hundred names were procured in the same respectable way. But it is not enough to show that Close is something worse than a writer of doggerel. His own wretched publications prove that he ought to be dealt with by the Mendicancy Society. Yet this is the man whom the Queen delights to honour, and who is allowed to receive the public rewards of literature.

As for Lord Palmerston's share in Close's pension, one of two things is plain. Either the Prime Minister has given this fellow 50*l.* a year in sheer and total ignorance of his claims and antecedents, and from a culpable reliance upon the alleged testimony of others which has never been examined, or Lord Palmerston's opinion on poetry is on a par with his well-known judgment on architecture. In either case, Mr. Stirling will do well to bring on his motion. The grounds upon which the Royal bounty is awarded we are not, generally speaking, anxious to inquire into. Were a pension given to her Majesty's lamp-lighter we should not particularly object; but pensions to literature are rather serious things. Robert Southey enjoyed a literary pension; so did Thomas Hood; and there are those alive, whose names are on the Pension List, who ought not to be mixed up with such persons as Poet Close. It will be impossible for any gentleman possessed of self-respect or a sense of decency to accept a distinction which has been awarded to the Poet Laureate of the King of Bonny; and if Lord Palmerston intended to pass a deliberate insult upon English literature, to make the Pension List vile and contemptible, and to render it henceforth impossible for a man of feeling or honour to accept the rewards which the Crown confers on literary merit, he could not have adopted a course more affronting to the commonwealth of letters than in the first instance to have granted; but still more to defend, Poet Close's pension.

#### TEAR'EM REHABILITATED.

A MAN who destroys a good story in these matter-of-fact days incurs a deep responsibility. The smooth respectability of our political proceedings is relieved by so few lights and shades, there is so little to colour the deadly grey of Parliamentary existence, that a man deserves to be damned to everlasting fame in a new Dunciad who wilfully spoils the few good things we occasionally get. The story that the Tories, on the occasion of the late division, had fetched a raving lunatic from his cell, and marched him through the division-lobby, under the guardianship of the two stoutest county members that could be found, without the other side finding it out till the next day, was really worthy of a place in the "ana" of party. It deserved to rank by the side of the traditions of Peel's great division in 1841, when the Whig whip brought in a dying man in his bed to vote, and the Tory whip paired a dead one. Besides, it was such a comfort to the Government under circumstances of great discouragement. Judiciously told, it could be so easily made to convey the idea that it was only an extreme instance of a general practice, and that the lunatic asylums, as a rule, contributed largely to the Tory divisions. It paired, too, so well with that other story of the Irish member on the same night, who had been gained over by the Tories at the cost of a sumptuous dinner, at which he got so drunk that he voted in the Whig lobby after all. But all these pleasant diversions have been rudely marred by Mr. Roebuck's indiscreet anxiety to revivify his faded political reputation. It is a terrible thing to get into the hands of a censor who has been accused of ignoble compliances. It was of little use to cry out to him to spare Mr. Steuart's feelings. He had no special animosity against Mr. Steuart. That gentleman was merely a lay figure on which Tear'em was proving to the world that his virtue was as unimpeachable as ever. Poor Mr. Steuart was a holocaust offered up to atone to the divinities of Sheffield for the courtly flirtations of last autumn. A Parliamentary Cato is under a terrible necessity never to let the edge of his trenchant virtue rust. If he takes a charitable view of human kind only for once, he is suspected of being bribed, and must clear himself by an act of redoubled bitterness next time.

That Mr. Steuart was maligned is clear enough. He was no more mad than Oliver Cromwell was, or than any man is who is subject to fits of extreme depression. But the medical treatment necessary for such cases can only be obtained from those who study diseases of the nervous system; and the best of them have entered into engagements by which they are forbidden under statute to take any but lunatics under their care. Under pain, therefore, of foregoing the most skilful treatment, Mr. Steuart was obliged to take out on his own behalf the formal certificate of lunacy. Possibly, if he had foreseen the use which indignant public virtue was to make of this precaution, he would have hesitated to commit himself to such a legal travesty. But it did not occur to him that he was constructing the materials for a good partisan anecdote, or that the self-constituted guardian of Parliamentary purity would think the story worth a scene in the House of Commons. Hardly as Mr. Steuart has been used in being dragged into such an argument, the case has, however, suggested some curious difficulties as regards the legal status of a mad M.P. The law has made no provision against insane legislators. There is nothing, as far as the rules of Parliament are concerned, to prevent a mad Chancellor of the Exchequer proposing a mad Budget, or a mad Speaker putting it to a mad House. If any sudden affliction were to sweep over the collective wisdom of the nation, or if any change of fashion were to induce the constituencies to forego the minute modicum of sense on which they now insist, there would be no legal relief from the lunatics whom they might instal in power. It is true that when a certain number of legal obstacles have been surmounted, and a certain status of acknowledged lunacy is arrived at, an M.P. may be removed. But the symptoms which suffice to deprive a man of his liberty are not enough to deprive him of his vote in the House of Commons. It has even been suggested that it would be a breach of the privileges of Parliament if any one were to presume to shut up a raving maniac who should desire to join in a division. And it is difficult to say that those who hold this theory are constitutionally wrong. It is for the constituencies to decide on the amount of intellect necessary to represent them adequately. As a matter of fact, within the last few years, a highly educated county returned as its member a man so far gone in idiocy that he could not utter a connected sentence on the hustings; and the enthusiasm in his favour was so great that his antagonist on the same side of politics was obliged to retire without a contest. If a constituency has a taste for idiots, there is no constitutional authority can say them nay. And, indeed, it is necessary to leave them full discretion in this respect. The consequences of an opposite theory might be very frightful. Everybody has his own view of what constitutes an idiot or a lunatic. Mr. Bright announced last year that he considered Lord Overstone a lunatic; and there are plenty of county members who look on Mr. Bright as a maniac. Delusions are said to be a test of lunacy; but supposing a majority was to be allowed to decide on what did and what did not constitute a delusion in the minority, it would be necessary for the Serjeant-at-Arms to keep a store of strait-waistcoats in the lobby. And if mental capacity were to be required, the embarrassment of some of the constituencies would be very serious. Conceive the perplexities of a metro-

politan borough required to find a member who could pass through a competitive examination. To scrutinize the intellectual healthiness of honourable members would be to open a very thorny question. What microscope is powerful enough to discover the line that separates the author of a "Cruelty to Animals Prevention Bill" from a lunatic, or Mr. Darby Griffiths from the opposite form of intellectual disease?

But the proposal to remedy any assumed abuse goes much further, and opens a wide horizon to an enterprising whip. At present, a member may be disqualified if a statute of lunacy is taken out against him. Mr. Roebuck, if he means anything, desires that a member should be disqualified whenever two medical men shall have certified that he is insane. It would be a great opportunity on the eve of a great division. There are plenty of members who are eccentric, and a few who get habitually drunk, and there are many moments when it would not be difficult for a watchful whip to procure a certificate against some of these. It would then become an interesting question how far political vagaries are a *prima facie* test of lunacy—whether a man could be shut up for believing in the liberality of Austria, or the disinterestedness of the Galway speculators. A great deal could be done with the certificate of two physicians who were going abroad, and did not mind the consequences. There would be great grandeur in the idea, if any whip could be found bold enough to carry it out, of sweeping up the whole Cabinet at one fell swoop on the afternoon of a confidence debate, and packing them off to Hanwell. The manoeuvre would have the double advantage of getting rid of them for the evening, and furnishing the material for an inexhaustible joke in after years. However vigorously their perfect sanity might be proved, people would never be induced to believe that there was not something in it after all. They would always be compendiously disposed of under the adage, "Where there is smoke there must be fire." Meanwhile, the demeanour of the Ministers during their brief incarceration would be a curious illustration of character. It is not difficult to imagine how good-humouredly Lord Palmerston would chaff the matron, or what grandiloquent rebukes in what solemn tones would be addressed to the keepers by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The more Mr. Roebuck looks at it, the more difficult he will find it to suggest any alteration of the existing law. The evil of giving to any but a constituted tribunal the power of disqualifying members would be far greater than the chances of somebody voting whose affection was of that imperceptible character that he was allowed to go at large without restraint. And if the law cannot be mended, the case ought not to have been touched. Nothing more cruel can be done to one whose nerves are depressed than to hold him up to all the world as a man of doubtful sanity. It is one of those cases in which predictions are likely to fulfil themselves. No more searching test of Mr. Steuart's returning health could be devised than a perusal of the papers on Tuesday morning. Mr. Roebuck has done no good to anybody by his interposition. He has succeeded in calling down the unanimous reprobation of the House upon himself, but he has not added a single safeguard to the sanity of Parliament, or done anything to protect himself against the possible pugnacity of an over-excited Tory in the lobby. Unhappily, he has had the power of adding very seriously to the sufferings of another man. His victim on this occasion happens to be in the only condition in which his remarks would affect anybody's nerves in one direction or the other. He is the last man who should needlessly injure the feelings of another man upon this subject. The condition of his own mind has not always been above suffering from the reproaches of the unfeeling or the indiscreet. Time was, not seven years ago, when it retained so little either of capacity or vigour, that when he had brought forward a motion that was to upset a Ministry, he was unable to preface it with any two consecutive sentences. No one at the time theorized over his misfortunes, or raised curious questions as to his right to vote in a division. He should extend to others the indulgence that was not refused to him. There would have been a strong *prima facie* case for disqualifying a man who had so lost the use of a fine intellect and practised tongue that he was not able to give even the briefest account of his motives in censuring his leaders. Anyhow, though the existence of a Ministry was at stake, his malady was treated with absolute respect, and no question as to his competence to judge was ever founded on his broken memory and incoherent speech. If he had dealt by Mr. Steuart as others dealt by him, he would have spared much needless pain, and would have saved himself from the obloquy which is implied in the general impression that no other man could have been found to undertake the affair except himself.

#### THE END OF THE EXTRADITION CASE.

IT will be remembered that on January the 15th the English Court of Queen's Bench granted a writ of *habeas corpus* to bring before it the fugitive slave Anderson, who was being kept a prisoner in Canada pending the decision of the colonial authorities on the demand of the United States Government for his delivery under the Extradition Treaty. That demand was based on a charge of murder, alleged to have been committed in the State of Missouri in the year 1853. The English Court granted the writ on a simple affidavit that Anderson was illegally detained in gaol at Toronto; and the only question which it considered

was that of its own jurisdiction to issue such a writ into the province of Canada. It may be remarked that the affidavit upon which the Court proceeded was untrue, inasmuch as Anderson was not detained at Toronto, but at Brantford. However, the writ was directed to the Governor of Canada, as well as to the sheriff and gaoler of Toronto; and there is no doubt that it would have been obeyed, if Anderson had not been set at liberty by the authority of a colonial court. The writ arrived in Toronto on February 1st, and on that same day a writ of *habeas corpus* was granted by the Canadian Court of Common Pleas, on which the prisoner was brought up, and, after argument, discharged for informality in the warrant of commitment, without any step being taken in obedience to the English writ. Thus a question which had excited a very painful interest was disposed of without the necessity of determining the difficult legal controversy which had been agitated both at home and in the colony, as to the duty of Great Britain under the Extradition Treaty with the United States.

The official correspondence lately presented to Parliament on this subject contains, among other interesting matters, the judgments of the Judges of the Canadian Court which discharged Anderson. These judgments have fulfilled the expectation generally entertained by lawyers, that the law would open a door for the prisoner's release without repudiating the treaty. Although the decision of the Court proceeded on grounds which we must venture to call technical, we think that the importance of the case demands from us a brief notice of this its final stage. The prisoner's counsel took two objections to the magistrates' warrant of commitment, both of which were considered by the Court fatal. The first objection was, that the warrant did not show that an offence had been committed within the Extradition Act. Among the crimes specified in the treaty to which that Act gave effect, were murder, and assault with intent to commit murder. These were the only two heads under which the alleged offence could come. Now the warrant of commitment stated that the prisoner was charged "for that he did wilfully, maliciously, and feloniously stab and kill one Seneca T. P. Diggs." In an indictment for murder this statement would be insufficient, because it is indispensable to use the artificial term "murder," and to state that the offence was committed, not merely maliciously, but "of malice aforethought." In the absence of either of these necessary averments, the accused would be liable to no more than a conviction for manslaughter. It is true that in a warrant the same particularity is not usually requisite as in an indictment; but the Court thought that in the execution of a limited statutory power the words of the statute should be strictly adhered to, in order that it might appear to the judges, on the return to the *habeas corpus*, whether the offence charged was within the statute or not. Upon this warrant the charge could not be for an assault, because the word "kill" was used; and it was not necessarily a charge of murder, but only of manslaughter, which is not an offence within the Act. "I consider this," said one of the judges, "a thoroughly substantial objection, not a mere technicality, but as the want of an essential charge, necessarily fatal to the validity of the detention."

The next objection taken to the warrant of commitment was the direction which it contained to the gaoler of Brantford to keep Anderson in custody "until he shall be delivered by due course of law." It was admitted by the Court of Common Pleas that this was the ordinary and sufficient form of warrant applicable to all cases of committal for crimes punishable by the law of Canada. But where the committal was in pursuance of a special authority, the Court thought that the terms of the commitment must be special, and must exactly pursue that authority. Turning to the Extradition Act, it appeared that authority was given by it to commit the prisoner to gaol, "there to remain until such surrender be made, or until such person be discharged by due course of law." The Court held itself bound to give effect to every word in the Act, and it pointed out that the Legislature intended to provide for the surrender of the prisoner, and also for his discharge in case his surrender should not be duly required; and with that view it made the double provision, one part of which had been overlooked and omitted from the warrant of commitment. If the committing justices deemed the evidence sufficient to sustain the charge, the prisoner ought, according to the statute, to have been committed for the purpose of being surrendered. But if the justices did not declare by the warrant that they had so committed him, what evidence was there before the Court of Common Pleas of an adjudication unfavourable to the prisoner? It might of course be urged that, if the justices had not intended his surrender, they would have discharged him from custody. But this was only a negative mode of proving that the justices did what was required, by proving that if they had not intended to do so they ought to have done something else. The Court thought that in a matter of this kind it must be clearly shown that the justices did decide against the prisoner upon the question whether the evidence sustained the charge against him. The warrant of commitment was therefore held to be defective on this as well as on the former ground, and thus the Court of Common Pleas escaped from the necessity of considering all those perplexing questions upon the evidence which were discussed in the Canadian Court of Queen's Bench when Anderson's case came before that tribunal.

There was, however, a further obstacle to the prisoner's release, which it may perhaps be thought the Court of Common Pleas exerted some degree of judicial violence in removing. An-



derson was at this time in custody, not only on the warrant of commitment which the Court had already declared invalid, but also on the order in which the Court of Queen's Bench embodied its adverse determination. This order was free from technical objection, but it was now alleged to be beyond the power of the Court. The Extradition Act authorized proceedings against the supposed offender by any judge of any of the Superior Courts of the province of Canada, or by any justice of the peace within the same. It was contended that this clause did not confer any new power on the Superior Courts, though it did so on the individual judges; and as this view of the clause was adopted by the Court of Common Pleas, it ventured to supersede the action of a co-ordinate court, and ordered the prisoner's discharge. This decision was rested on an English case which arose on the Extradition Treaty with France. In that case, the Court of Queen's Bench held that a warrant of commitment was invalid almost exactly on the same ground as that secondly relied on by the Canadian Court; and having arrived at this conclusion, the Court further held that it had no power in itself to detain the prisoner. It declined to take upon itself the jurisdiction conferred by the statute passed to give effect to the French Extradition Treaty on "justices of the peace and other persons having power to commit for trial persons accused of crimes." We cannot venture to conduct our readers into the arid field of legal disquisition which is here opened. Whether or not the English precedent be exactly applicable to the Canadian case, is a question upon which a great deal might be written and very little would be read. We must content ourselves with expressing our satisfaction at observing that the reports of the late lamented Mr. Ellis and his colleagues, of cases in the Queen's Bench, enjoy in Canada an authority almost equal to what belongs to them at home.

The Americans have been so much occupied with more momentous subjects that the liberation of the fugitive slave Anderson has passed with less remark than it might have provoked in undisturbed times. What opinion Americans would be likely to have formed of our conduct, if they had had leisure to form any, may be partly judged from a despatch written by Mr. Dallas to his Government the day after the *habeas corpus* was granted in this country. He remarks on "the pungent and uncompromising hostility to social bondage" which prevails here, and he draws from this and some other cases the conclusion that "in British opinion the status of slavery incapacitates the individual for contract or crime." We may, however, console ourselves under this and similar strictures with the reflection that we have been dealing in this matter with a foreign Power whose language and laws are, the one wholly, and the other nearly, similar to our own. We should think that, when the Report of "*Ex parte Besset*, 6 Q. B. 481" reached Paris, the French authorities said something very severe as to the legal barbarism of the benighted English judges. But the principle that every doubt is to be resolved, and every presumption made, in favour of liberty, is one to which—at least on dispassionate reflection—the American lawyers must heartily assent. We have called the reasons on which the Canadian Court decided technical, and so they are. But the technicality which we find in them is precisely of the same character as that by the help of which English Courts have in many famous cases interfered to protect the subject against the possibility of oppression, whether Royal, or official, or Parliamentary. How necessary it is that Courts should be ever open, and judges ever vigilant, may be estimated from the fact that we have now before us a despatch sent from the Colonial Department to the Governor of Canada in October last, in which the Governor is instructed "to take such measures as are warranted by the laws of Canada" to deliver Anderson to any persons duly authorized by the authorities of Missouri to receive the fugitive, and take him back to the United States for trial. That despatch was signed, in the absence of the Duke of Newcastle, by Lord John Russell. Perhaps of all living statesmen he is the one whose name appears most incongruous at the bottom of a despatch which very likely was regarded in the office which prepared it as a mere ordinary form, applicable to a transaction of no particular importance. We will only say that, so long as officialism is what it is, the principles on which the Canadian Court has acted will need to be kept alive throughout the dominions of the British Crown. Tyranny has many forms, and routine, or preoccupation, or insensibility may be the same in effect as tyranny, though widely different from it in nature. Happily the technical genius of the English law is fertile in expedients to protect life and freedom alike from angry sovereigns, passionate assemblies, methodical clerks, and busy Ministers of State.

#### PARLIAMENTARY PERVERSION OF CHARITY.

DO you want to be supernaturally charitable at a cheap rate? Nothing is easier. By judiciously subscribing two guineas a year, or by paying down a sum of twenty-five guineas to a certain society, anybody may acquire an interest in something more than 100,000*l.*, and may gratify his charitable propensities by the distribution of some 300*l.* or 400*l.* a-year. The result is miraculous, but the fact is undoubted. Get the fourth volume of the *Report of the Education Commissioners*, and therein, at the 362nd page of Mr. Cumin's *Report on Educational Charities*, you may read the story in full. The subject is alluded to in the

General Report, signed by the Duke of Newcastle and his colleagues, but the details are now before the public.

At No. 7, Craven-street, Strand, there is a modest room, at which the Governors of "The Society for the Discharge and Relief of Persons Imprisoned for Small Debts throughout England and Wales" meet. May is generally the month in which this society appeals to the public for subscriptions, and gives a so-called account of its operations, showing how so many insolvent petitioners have been relieved, with an accurate enumeration of their wives and children. To judge from the advertisement, nothing can be more thoroughly respectable. The society seems to be ancient—"established 1773." The names of the office-bearers are above suspicion. The Earl of Romney is President; the Treasurer is Benjamin Bond Cabbell, F.R.S., F.S.A.; the Auditors are Capel Cure, Esq., and Harwood Harwood, Esq.—all classic names in charitable subscription-lists. The objects of the society as disclosed are not only most praiseworthy, but its operations are apparently conducted with singular economy. To relieve seventeen debtors, of whom fourteen have wives and thirty-four children, and to conduct the whole business of the society at an annual expense of 31*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* shows good management.

But what has this to do with obtaining a share in the annual interest of 100,000*l.* by the expenditure of two guineas a year? Only this—that the name of the Society is a mere sham, and the relief of the insolvents is but one, and that the smallest, of the purposes to which the funds of the Society are devoted. The truth is, that the object for which the Society was originally instituted has failed. Imprisonment for debt to an honest man is now virtually abolished. Consequently, the funds in question, which began at 80*l.*, have enormously accumulated. What the accumulations may now be it is impossible to say, but in 1856 they amounted to 106,965*l.* 2*s.* 2*d.* And in the same year, by some extraordinary neglect, an Act of Parliament was obtained by which the whole annual interest of that enormous sum is now at the absolute disposal of five gentlemen, the Earl of Romney, Benjamin Bond Cabbell, Esq., Capel Cure, Esq., Harwood Harwood, Esq., and F. Chatfield, Esq., the governors for the time being.

That any such Act of Parliament should ever have been promoted is surprising; that it should have escaped the notice of the Attorney-General and his advisers proves them to be guilty of the most grievous and extraordinary neglect. But there can be no doubt about it. The Charity Commissioners, at the request of Mr. F. Chatfield, one of the governors, have given a written opinion on the construction to be put upon the Act of Parliament. The result is, that the governors are not only their own auditors, but they are entitled to dispose of the surplus, as it is called, exactly as they please. To show the absolute control which they have over this surplus, a detailed account of the mode in which it was disposed of during the years 1858 and 1859 is given. In that account we find that one year Lord Romney subscribed 400*l.* to the Ophthalmic Hospital, Maidstone, and next year 200*l.* to the Sea-bathing Infirmary, Margate—though it must be confessed that the connexion of Maidstone and Margate with Romney Marsh is much more obvious than that of these two towns with the insolvent debtors. Again, Mr. B. Cabbell handed over 300*l.* to St. Mary's Hospital, Mr. Capel Cure gave 100*l.* to the Ragged-school Union, Mr. Chatfield 100*l.* to the National Benevolent Society, and so on. If it were not for the Act of Parliament, such an application of funds intended for the relief of insolvent debtors would be a gross breach of trust. And although, proverbially, nothing is impossible to Parliament, still it must be admitted that in passing this Act Parliament has stretched its prerogative to the utmost. The probability is, that the nature of this society is very little, if at all known, otherwise the number of subscribers would rapidly increase. To a man of active benevolence it would surely be a great privilege to be able, by the payment of two guineas a year, to contribute 200*l.* to a good work. And yet the tender of this small sum is all that is required in order to become a member of this singular society.

It is due to one of the governors, Mr. F. Chatfield, to say that he has long been dissatisfied with the practice of the society. But his efforts to place the charity on a safer footing have almost entirely failed. There is one smaller matter, however, in which he has effected a partial change. Although the Act of Parliament conferring increased power on the Governors proceeded upon the supposition that the objects of the original Society had failed, and that the annually-increasing surplus could not be disposed of, nevertheless, even after the Act was passed, the Earl of Romney and some of his colleagues still appealed for subscriptions to relieve poor debtors. If they had informed the public of the facts, those who answered the appeal would have subscribed with their eyes open. Mr. Chatfield, indeed, has contrived to get the advertisement so altered that benefactions are no longer acknowledged, nor are any instructions given where they ought to be paid. But still the real nature of the Society is ignored. The public do not yet know that the Society for the Relief of Insolvents is now a Society for enabling four or five gentlemen to be charitable. The advertisement still implies that the Society is actually engaged in the beneficent work of alleviating the distresses of poor and deserving imprisoned debtors. Nor is it possible to deny the truth of the statement contained in a letter to the Attorney-General on the subject, that the pub-

lication of such appeals is an evident deception practised on the public benevolence.

According to Mr. Cumin's Report, the Society consists only of sixteen persons, some of them old ladies. Of these, only the five who have been named take any active part, and four of them fill the whole of the eight offices. By judiciously applying the principle of permutation and combination, these four make up one president, one treasurer, four trustees, and two auditors. Under these circumstances, it was not very likely that the public should get to know much of the doings of the Society in question. It seems, in fact, a snug family party, and the door is kept by a secretary, Joseph Lunn, and an assistant-secretary, William A. B. Lunn. However, now that the facts have been made public, it is to be hoped that the matter will attract some public attention. If there are any other instances of the sort, let them be dragged to light. The Education Commissioners have conferred a great public benefit by collecting in a readable form the most salient facts known concerning certain public charities. The details are contained in Mr. Cumin's Special Report upon the subject, from which we have derived the particulars of this Society for the Relief of Insolvent Debtors. These are probably collected from some peculiar source, but it may be useful to mention that most of the other facts have been obtained either from personal inquiry by an Assistant-Commissioner, or from the manuscript reports of the Charity Inspectors.

#### LORD SHAFTESBURY AND THE EDUCATION COMMISSIONERS.

IN the Continental Church, the month of May is especially dedicated to the more soothing and peaceful aspect of religion. The *Mois de Marie* suggests passionless purity—spring and flowers, calm winds and calm minds. Among ourselves, if the meteorological aspect of the month is cool, its moral character is hot enough. The fervour of July is anticipated, the theological dog-star rages, and Sirius and Shaftesbury shake from their horrid hair controversy and criticism from that Hall in which brotherly kindness never enters, and is only inscribed on the lintel and doorpost. The recent east winds have perhaps had their influence on the noble Earl's temper, and that flow of charity and gentle speech for which he is so remarkable has, we suppose, been parched by the cold and arid blasts of the late exceptional season. Some excuse must be made for what is, even in Lord Shaftesbury's case, an unusual outburst of savagery; and, doubtless, the weather must be in fault. We are alluding more particularly to his Exeter Hall speech at the Ragged School Union, and to his attack on the Education Commissioners in the House of Lords on Monday night. The episode with Mr. Cumin is nothing new. Shaftesbury's "Characteristics" are well known. There is probably no public man living who has been more frequently brought to book for some unfounded statement, or some gross and offensive imputation, than Lord Shaftesbury; and his Lordship is so accustomed to this sort of thing that he has adopted a formula of conduct under such circumstances. What occurred with regard to the alleged Indian atrocities, and in the Turnbull affair, has occurred again in Mr. Cumin's case. It is worth while to put the facts on record, not because there is the slightest chance of ever getting Lord Shaftesbury to understand what controversial morality is, but as an illustration of individual character.

It is only necessary to premise that Mr. Patrick Cumin was employed by the Education Commission to examine the schools in the Western district. In the discharge of his duties he expressed an opinion on Ragged Schools, which opinion is adverted to in the Commissioners' Report. That opinion is unfavourable to the grant of public money to those Schools. At the anniversary meeting of the Ragged School Union, a Report was read, containing these words:—"Let them look to the impartiality of these gentlemen [the Commissioners]. In the first place, why did they produce but one single school, situated at Plymouth?" On this text Lord Shaftesbury enlarged, and he affirmed that Mr. Cumin's opinion was "formed solely from the examination of one school in the city of Plymouth"—which is not a city, by the way. Just let us observe how curiously a misrepresentation grows. The Report of the Ragged School Union presented to the Society simply says that the Commissioners only produced a single school in support of their opinion. Lord Shaftesbury improves on his brief. He fills up, enlarges, and expands this statement—which is quite sufficiently untrue—into the larger, wider, and more telling fiction that the Assistant-Commissioner's opinion was founded on the examination of only a single school. "I have searched the Report through and through. . . . Mr. Cumin gathers all his statements, derives all his facts, draws all his inferences, and obtains all his charges from the examination of one school. . . . one single school, in the town of Plymouth. . . . Why do they produce but one single school? . . . Why is Plymouth alone adduced?" These are Lord Shaftesbury's words, reported—not in the *Times*, which had scarcely any report of the meeting at Exeter Hall—not in the *Morning Post* and *Daily News*, which Lord Shaftesbury found it convenient "not to have seen"—but in the *Record*, a journal supposed to possess his Lordship's confidence, and whose standard of accuracy probably differs but little from his own.

The inference, of course, is that only one school was examined by Mr. Cumin. Hereupon Mr. Cumin puts the very plain question—"On what authority does Lord Shaftesbury

state that Mr. Cumin's opinion was formed from the examination of one school in Plymouth?" Respondet the noble earl—which is no answer at all—"I complained that London schools were not examined; I complained that the school in Plymouth ought not to be taken as the type of all England." Mr. Cumin replies, in the quietest way, that all this had nothing to do with the point at issue. "Lord Shaftesbury had said that Mr. Cumin's opinion was formed," &c. &c., as above. Would Lord Shaftesbury confine his attention to the one point at issue? reiterates the imperturbable Assistant-Commissioner. Here the moral study is highly interesting. Lord Shaftesbury's nose, as they say, is brought to the grindstone. So he flings up his head, as befits a religious nobleman, and adopts his own peculiar style of argument. He drops the epistolary line, and retires into the dignity of the peerage, true religion, and the third person singular. "Lord Shaftesbury has the honour," &c. "has no recollection of having said that Mr. Cumin examined but one school only in the city of Plymouth," but "intended to convey that the Ragged School operations of only one provincial town had been examined." His lordship's exact words had been:—"Mr. Cumin gathers all his statements, &c. &c., from the examination of one single school in Plymouth." Mr. Cumin's answer is absolute annihilation to the noble and religious lord; for he shows distinctly that, from the Report from which Lord Shaftesbury pretended to quote, it was plain that he had examined several Ragged Schools. "Not in Plymouth only, but in Bristol also," are the very words of the Report which Lord Shaftesbury had "searched through and through"—indeed, Mr. Cumin had examined as many as five in Bristol. His Lordship's reply has its value as a study of character. The more triumphantly he is convicted of bearing false witness, and the more his headlong inaccuracy is proved, the more personally rude and uncivil he becomes. Without any compliments, or the most ordinary civility of man to man, "Lord Shaftesbury requests Mr. Cumin to observe that the condemnation of the system of Ragged Schools rests entirely on the reports made by Mr. Cumin respecting Plymouth." This is an observation which entirely loses sight of the original question, about which alone Mr. Cumin cared one pin. The point at issue was the correctness of a statement made by Lord Shaftesbury, that Mr. Cumin had only examined a single school at Plymouth—a statement which Mr. Cumin very properly considered to convey an injurious imputation, and which he completely proved to be "an unfounded charge." Instead of retracting this charge, instead of explaining his contradiction, instead of doing Mr. Cumin justice, instead of admitting that he (Lord Shaftesbury) had, even if unintentionally, misquoted and misrepresented the Commissioners' Report, his Lordship thinks it right to be rude to Mr. Cumin, and goes into something else. On the assertion that only one school was examined being proved to be untrue, Lord Shaftesbury neither withdraws it nor justifies it, but raises quite a new and independent cloud of dust, under cover of which he slips out of his original position.

The value of this moral study is the light which it throws on the character of a great religious leader. We certainly are not going to say that the religious party with which Lord Shaftesbury has identified himself is at all careless of truth, reckless in assertion, or unable to confess itself to be wrong. The preachers and professors of what is called Evangelical religion are not in these matters below the ordinary standard of human nature. They have probably an average amount of those qualities without which society would become impossible; and it is perhaps possible that Lord Shaftesbury is personally much on a par with his neighbours. It is his position which compels him to disregard fairness and justice, and what becomes a gentleman and a Christian. His supremacy at Exeter Hall is analogous to that of any other tyranny or despotism. There is a whole class of virtues from which tyrants are debarred and excluded. A Nero or a Napoleon cannot, even if he would, be indifferent honest, magnanimous, merciful, or just. From the nature of the case, Lord Shaftesbury can never own himself in the wrong. His judgment must not be questioned. What he has once said is said, and must be maintained at all hazards. At least a dozen times he has been brought before the public in some public correspondence. In every case he has been proved to have been hasty, incorrect, extravagant, absurd, or, as in this case, utterly without foundation for his assertions. But he will never retract, or withdraw, or apologize. There is absolutely no course open to him but that of imperious persistence in error, accompanied with insolence towards the person or cause which he has wronged. This is what his position entails upon him. Being both infallible and despot, he must cling to his own assertion, and he must insult everybody who has the effrontery to prove him to be wrong. Mr. Cumin has shown Lord Shaftesbury to be, even for Lord Shaftesbury, unusually inaccurate; so there is nothing left for it but for Lord Shaftesbury to forget that Mr. Cumin is a gentleman, and to show that he can, though a very religious person and a peer, disregard the commonest proprieties of life.

In the House of Lords, Lord Shaftesbury was, of course, not quite so indecent as in addressing an audience where he was safe against a reply. At Exeter Hall, the Ragged School Union was informed that the "Commissioners were guilty of effrontery." Their report was a "bill of indictment against Ragged Schools." "Abominable unfairness," "flimsiness," "inaccuracy," "partiality," "ignorance," and this "to an extent never before known in Lord Shaftesbury's experience," "statements so utterly



inaccurate that they have rather the air of what is false," "unfair and dishonest"—this is the crow on Lord Shaftesbury's own dunghill. In the presence of his peers, the great Christian earl was a little, but only a little, more mild. He not merely repeated the peroration of his Exeter Hall harangue, but he saluted the Report of the Commissioners as "untrue, unfair, ungenerous," and though not perhaps "willfully untrue," quite contrary to the facts, and so unusual that its appearance was "a violent abuse of public authority." This was the modified language of Lord Shaftesbury—so modified that the Duke of Newcastle, the head and chairman of the Commission, congratulated him on it. Conspiracy and malignity were the Exeter Hall charges against the Duke and his six colleagues. Now, however, the Commissioners are only untrue, unfair, and ungenerous. From Shaftesbury civil at Westminster we may argue Shaftesbury rampant in the Strand. Yet, after all, what on earth had the Commissioners done? What indictment had they preferred against Ragged Schools? All that they had recommended was that the existing regulation of the Committee of Privy Council, under which grants are only made to such Ragged Schools as introduce industrial training into their system, should be retained—"that no further allowance should be given to Ragged Schools"—"that Ragged Schools should be regarded, as at present, as provisional institutions, constantly tending to become elementary schools," "and that public assistance be continued to those which are also Industrial Schools." This is the offence of the Duke of Newcastle's Commission—just simply not to interfere with Ragged Schools. This is their malignity—this is their plot, their cruel and ungenerous conspiracy. All that the Commission recommends is not to give public money to them. "Public money," interposes the most Christian earl, with a shriek which sounds rather like the fox's opinion of the grapes, "who ever valued your countenance?" "They had not asked for public money, and if it were offered, they would reject it"—which, begging his Lordship's pardon, is a slight error, because there was a meeting held not very long ago (at Birmingham, if our recollection serves us), at which the great grievance discussed was that Ragged Schools were not included in the objects of the Education Grant. Yet this is the only recommendation or suggestion about Ragged Schools contained in the Education Report. As to the deficiency of evidence, Lord Shaftesbury's complaint was flagrantly disingenuous. He knew that the Report only contained a summary, and extracts, and quotations, and that it did not pretend to do more. He knew also that the evidence upon which the Report was founded was ready and printed. He knew, also—or, if he did not know, it was certainly his business to know before he ventured on the monstrous statement that Mr. Cumin had only examined one school at Plymouth—that the case of the Ragged Schools, not only at Plymouth and Bristol, but in London likewise, had been fully brought before the Commissioners. As to the statistics which Lord Shaftesbury charged the Commissioners with falsifying, the Duke of Newcastle proved that they had been furnished by the Secretary of the Ragged School Union himself. And, far from the fact being that the Commissioners had reported only on the data, or rather datum, of Mr. Cumin's Report, the Duke quoted the concurrent testimony of five or six witnesses and Assistant-Commissioners, not so much against Ragged Schools as against including them in the Public Education Grant. But it is enough to say, as was said in the conclusion of the Duke's able vindication of the Commission over which he presided, that whatever opinion is to be formed of Ragged Schools, there can be but one opinion of the ungenerous, unfair, untrue, and malignant attack on the Commission—we thank thee, Jew!—ventured upon by Lord Shaftesbury.

#### IMPORTANT TO FAMILIES.

WE noticed more than a year ago a decision of the Court of Exchequer which appeared to place serious difficulties in the way of making accidental death profitable. We had considered that the father of a family, who could do nothing else for its support, could at all events travel a great deal by railway, taking care, of course, to insure himself against accident in a good round sum. By travelling in the third class trains he would command a considerable amount of danger at a moderate expense. There is certainly one recorded case of a man who married a woman who had been injured in a railway accident for the sake of bringing an action in her name. It is only an extension of the same principle to regard the general liability of every traveller to casualties as a means of making a provision for a family. Thanks to the liberal views of juries, there are many men now living who never spent any portion of their time so profitably as that during which they were confined to their beds or homes by injuries sustained on railways. We may further venture to assert that there are many men now dead who could not, by continuing any number of years in life, have made for their families such a provision as they secured for them by departing out of it. Between the railway companies, which are often made to pay, and the insurance companies, which undertake to pay always, we had thought that gentlemen of the Micawber kind, instead of waiting passively for something to turn up, might be advised to occupy their time in railway travelling—selecting, of course, those lines which are known to be overdone with traffic, and taking care to start, whenever practicable, in the rear of some monster excursion-train.

We were getting very much into the way of looking at the life and limbs of Paterfamilias as a marketable commodity, when the law was unexpectedly expounded to the effect which we will now explain. One Hiorns, an uncertificated bankrupt, holding a policy of the Railway Passengers Assurance Company, went for a day or two to Brighton. He was there heard to state an intention of bathing in the sea, and he was known to have taken towels for that express purpose from his lodgings when he quitted them to return no more. A bathing machine was found to contain the clothes of Hiorns, but of the owner of those clothes there was no trace. Six weeks afterwards a human body was washed ashore at Walton-on-the-Naze, in Essex, and certain friends of Hiorns undertook to swear that it was he who had been strangely driven from Brighton thither by the wind and tide. An action was brought by the representatives of Hiorns upon the policy, and this strange story was recounted to the Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer and a jury; but his Lordship thought the voyage of a corpse from Brighton to the coast of Essex, and indeed the whole of the plaintiff's case, so improbable, that he refused even to allow the jury to pronounce upon it. The learned Chief Baron further intimated his opinion, that even assuming that Hiorns had in fact been drowned, and without requiring production of his remains, the plaintiff's case must nevertheless fail, because death by simple drowning was not death by injury within the meaning of the policy which Hiorns had effected on his life. The question which thus arose was argued in the Court of Exchequer in January of last year, and three other judges then agreed with the Chief Baron in the view upon which he had acted at the trial, or, at least, in the practical conclusion to which he came. We treated the decision, when it was given, as one of great importance to the comfort and happiness of families, because it raised serious doubts whether, if policies were to be construed in such a subtle manner, any good could possibly result from anybody's getting killed or hurt either in a railway journey or in any other place or circumstances. It is true that very few claims in respect of death by drowning are likely to be made under the numerous policies which have been and may be granted against accident to life and limb. But the reasoning adopted by the four judges of the Court of Exchequer went far to show that it was impossible to get killed or wounded for the good of one's friends either upon land or water. During the present week that reasoning has been considered and overruled by seven other judges, sitting as a Court of Appeal in the Exchequer Chamber, and the result of their decision is that Paterfamilias may now travel by railway, bathe, boat, and even ride to hounds, with a reasonable confidence that his own injury will be his children's gain.

The Lord Chief Baron stated, during the argument before himself and his brother judges, his belief that the supposed deceased was then somewhere walking about on the face of the earth, waiting to receive intelligence of the result of the case, and ready to come forward as soon as it should be disposed of, either to receive the fruits, if it should be decided in his favour, or to enter into a fresh policy if he should be defeated. In the latter event, he would have the benefit of all the experience gained in the case before the Court, and he would take care to leave conclusive evidence next time of his own death. We cannot pretend to say whether Mr. Hiorns is or is not now in a condition to profit by this or any other portion of his terrestrial experience; but for the benefit of other operators in the same line, we will point out what was the objection to the claim made by his representatives against the Assurance Company. The policy provided that if Hiorns should sustain "any injury caused by accident or violence," and if he should die from the effect of such injury within three months, then the Company should be liable. But it was further provided that no claim should be made in respect of any injury, "unless the same should be caused by some outward and visible means, of which satisfactory proof could be furnished." Now it appears to have been admitted by the adverse judges, when pressed by the argument of the plaintiff's counsel, that death by drowning would be within the above proviso. They seem to have allowed that drowning would be an injury caused by accident, from which death would undoubtedly ensue within three months, and of which the outward and visible means would be the water. But they said that in the case before them there was no satisfactory proof that the water was the means of injury. Supposing Hiorns to have died after undressing and stepping out of the bathing-machine, the effect of the water might have been to cause his death "by natural reasons, by apoplexy, or spasms, or some way other than injury." We quote these words of one of the learned Barons for fear we should do the speaker injustice by any paraphrase of our own. Perhaps his meaning might be expressed by employing a distinction which has done a similar duty in another case; and we will venture to suggest that he intended to say that it was consistent with all that was known of the fate of Hiorns that the water may have been the *causa sine qua non* of his death, but not the *causa causans*. He may have died of some sort of fit which would not have come on if he had not got into the water, but still it was the fit that killed him, and not the water. Whether this be or be not a correct explanation of the learned Baron's meaning, it is at any rate a more respectful version of it than was given in the Court of Error, where this argument was compared, first, to the defence of a poacher, that a gun was fired and a pheasant was seen to fall, but the bird died from fright—and next to a defence sometimes urged in criminal cases—a man

is stabbed in the stomach, and then evidence is called to prove that he had an affection of the heart, or something the matter with the brain. The Court of Error thought that the evidence in the case before it "would lead any one to suppose that the man went into the water and was drowned; and that Court did not entertain any doubt that drowning was an injury within the policy." It may be satisfactory to know, at the beginning of the bathing season, that if any of us are drowned we shall have the credit and our relations will have the profit of it, and we shall not be supposed to have died of some mysterious internal disease, excited by the action of the water upon our skins. Paterfamilias may take his dip at Brighton undisturbed by fears that his children will be unprovided at his death.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

FEW will be disposed to deny, on reflection, that the Exhibition of the Royal Academy for the present year is somewhat below the average standard of merit and interest. Too many of the foremost artists of the day are altogether absent. We look in vain, for instance, for any specimens of the scholar-like refinement of the President, the masterly colouring and drawing of Mulready, the bold design of Maclise, the tender idealism of Herbert, and the vigorous audacity of Millais. Mr. Frith, engaged on one of his minutely elaborate transcripts of modern life, has had no time for anything else. Mr. Webster has, we regret to hear, the plea of illness for not exhibiting. Messrs. Egg and Poole are unrepresented this year, without cause shown. It is true that many of our younger artists are in force, and that there is marked improvement in some of them, while still more evince so much painstaking labour, well directed, that they give ample promise for the future. It is encouraging to see so much honest work in the present Exhibition, and to notice that there are fewer extremes or vagaries on any side; while, nevertheless, in general, the tame conventionalism of the last generation is superseded by an original and intelligent study of nature. Still, as a fact, there are no very great works in the year's show; and some of the minor stars which have most attracted public notice owe perhaps part of their lustre to the absence of greater luminaries.

In proceeding to notice more in detail the most conspicuous paintings of the year, it will be convenient to take first those that belong properly to ideal art. Mr. Dyce's pictures, to begin with him, are always choice and original. But he has scarcely done himself justice in his "George Herbert at Bemerton" (98). He succeeds, indeed, in representing very effectively a sort of dreamy atmosphere of devotional repose, such as may well be imagined as surrounding that mystic poet. The peaceful garden in early spring, the sluggish stream flowing by it, *piscatoribus sacer*, as indicated by the angler's implements on the bank, the serene sky, with the distant view of Salisbury spire—all are perfect, in manipulation and feeling. The lovers of Isaac Walton and of the "Country Parson" will see many of their inmost feelings translated visibly in this picture. But the figure of the becasoeked priest spoils all. The ill effect of the figures introduced has been noticed in others of Mr. Dyce's works. That thorough gentleman, George Herbert, would never (we are sure) have been so demonstrative, even in the solitude of his garden, as Mr. Dyce has here drawn him. This representation, though clever in portrait and dress, seems to us a mistake in taste, which is very rare with this accomplished artist. Mr. Dyce's detail, which is almost excessive, is a lesson to many a painter this year. His grass and mosses and foliage are perfect. His other work, "Portrait, name unknown" (289), is very powerful. It is an aged head, with marked features and grizzled beard, clothed like an Arab, with a red hood under a white mantle. The contrast of colours is fine, and the portrait stands out in telling relief against a deep cloudless sky. Mr. Elmore scarcely escapes the charge of affectation in his "Peace, 1651" (87). A Roundhead, coming home, is disarmed by his wife, who, standing on a chair, hangs up the sword and helm on the wall. The attitudes are rather constrained, but there is subtle expression in the woman's face, and it is a picture which one likes better the more it is studied. Mr. Elmore's next picture is a painful one. "Marie Antoinette in the Temple" (110) gives us the wasted queen, as history shows her, gazing through a chink in the wall for the chance of seeing her son pass. All is good—expression, grouping, colouring; but we confess that we would rather not live in sight of so much hopeless misery. Mr. Hart, another Academician, has two works, which we cannot praise. What can be the interest of "Dilettanti" (318)—two men's faces looking at a statuette? The group is inexplicable for want of adequate expression, even when one is told the subject. But the colouring, though coarse, is powerful. In "St. Elizabeth of Hungary giving Alms" (49), Mr. Hart fails altogether. The figures are all theatrical and exaggerated. There seems to be no attempt at local truth. The painter has even missed the opportunity of getting a deep shadow under the Norman gateway before which the group is standing. Finally, the ivy which is so prominent in the picture is questionable in colour, in growth, and in its manner of adhesion to the wall. Here we see signs of carelessness and reliance on former exertions without fresh inspiration from nature. In these respects, however, Mr. F. R. Pickersgill is a still worse offender. "Duke Frederic banishing Rosalind" (42) is a most insipid conventionalism. A melo-

dramatic duke in scarlet robe and cap, with two mailed swash-bucklers behind him, scowls at one tragedy queen, while another kneels at his feet. There is no true emotion in Rosalind's countenance, but glassy eyes, trickily painted, are made to do duty for the far less easy task of facial expression. The grass here is merely indicated. Indeed, the painting altogether, though superficially aiming at a Venetian depth of tone, is "scamped." The figures in this artist's "Miranda, Ferdinand, and Prospero" (77), are still more lifeless. He has yet another work, "Pirates casting dice for Prisoners" (360). This is a subject distressing, indeed, and in some respects of doubtful fitness, but capable in good hands of most intense rendering. Four villains are insulting four noble beautiful damsels, whom they have just taken out of a prize. The horror of the incident is meant to be heightened by the contrast of so foul a deed with the beautiful scenery around, and the calm blue Mediterranean. But the group is thoroughly unreal. The dreadful story is not told by the picture. Of course it could not be told, which is an argument against choosing an impossible subject. But at any rate there might be more life and probability than Mr. Pickersgill has given. One of these women is a nun, whose action and expression are alike pitifully feeble. That Mr. Philip should only contribute one picture is a cause for real regret. This one, however, is exceedingly good in its way. "Gossips at a Well" (66) is, of course, a Spanish scene. Would that some of the artists who have taken, sensibly enough, to illustrating our own "drinking-fountains," would attend to local truth as much as this careful artist does in the picture before us. The inevitable mule and its tawdry trappings and its ragged driver are as usual the chief features in the group. There is plenty of force in the other figures; but the composition is, on the whole, a little scattered. And we doubt whether the shabby plastered wall which forms the background is not rather too much smeared in execution. That the ground itself ought to have been better painted we are certain.

It is not surprising that Mr. E. M. Ward's "Antechamber at Whitehall, during the dying moments of Charles II." (169) should be one of the most popular pictures of the year. So large a canvas, gorgeously coloured, and full of dramatic incident, is sure to be attractive. And deservedly enough, in a way; for there is infinite matter in the picture. The variety of action is almost Hogarthian, without his caricature, and the details are all expressed with vast skill and power. Mr. Ward paints, too, conscientiously. All is honest work; and the gay, busy scene is finished with something like Dutch minuteness. It is impossible not to admire this laborious work in its several parts. The stolid sentry, the disconcerted group of bishops, the knots of shameless women and profligate men, the spaniels and pages and ushers, and all the costly paraphernalia of the court, claim notice in turn. But after all, would any one understand this picture without a key? We confess that, with every desire to be impressed by the jewelled sacerdotal hand stretched out of the almost closed door for the glass of water which the dying king requires, we cannot get up the proper emotion. We see indeed a masterly presentment of the heartless scene which Macaulay describes; but the moral of it—the contrast between the levity of this wicked, selfish court, and the awful crisis within—is not (as perhaps it could not be) effectually transferred to the canvas. So far, therefore, as regards the highest aim and scope of art, this great picture fails. What it really reaches is the praise of almost rivalling Veronese in the power of scenic effect—of excelling him, indeed, in significance of subject and in historical fidelity, while not equalling him in his unapproachable grace and freedom. But then Mr. Ward would not be content with this praise. For he aims higher, and might mount higher. We wish that he would choose for his next work some more concentrated effort, with more unity of purpose. The transition from this picture to Mr. Faed's *chef-d'œuvre* (247)—which is decidedly one of the very best of the season—is easy. No painter has made more decided progress during the year than this artist. His former works have always had a weakness which is now quite lost. This picture is manly, vigorous, and truly affecting in its pathos. It is of the very highest class of naturalistic treatment. The scene is the interior of a lowly Scotch cottage, painted with surprising fidelity, and after (evidently) most careful study. From the coverlet of a box-bed, is seen the shrunk and stiffened hand of the dying grandmother. Her daughter, convulsed with grief, kneels at the bedside, her head buried in the clothes. The son, already advanced in years, sits watching, deep in thought, with his hand in some treasured volume. Meanwhile his wife nurses an infant, while other children are playing in unwonted silence. An elder girl and boy, entering the door, are hushed earnestly by the mother. Thus all the ages are gathered in the crowded cottage, and, as the motto from Tennyson expresses it, "So runs the round of life from hour to hour." The expression throughout is most forcible. The boy, bursting open the door, all muddy and almost choked in a red comforter, while his sister follows with an umbrella as big as herself, is ludicrously truthful, and supplies the element of humour which is never absent from the highest pathos. The young wife is really pretty, in spite of her mean dress. Her loose jacket, made of the very cheapest cotton print, is a perfect study of truthful ugliness of colour; and her comparative unconcern, as being more occupied with the young lives round her than with the one which is slowly ebbing away, is as true as it is touching. The interest, however, culminates in the man. We



have never seen a more forcible presentment than this of a mere peasant—with all his ignoble accessories of soiled and well-worn clothes—yet ennobled marvellously by his manly sorrow. This is indeed a triumph of expressive painting; and makes us hope very much of an artist who can dignify the sordid actualities of the lowliest cottage life, by no factitious prettiness or affectation, but merely by the power of deep human feeling. This picture will take an abiding place in the memory of all those who have studied it.

No contrast can be stronger than that between Mr. Faed's stern naturalism and Mr. Dobson's refined, if not finikin, idealities. But the latter artist must be credited this year with a real growth of power, and with a freedom from much of his former affectation. To be sure, the "Drinking Fountain" (34) must be from Arcadia, or from some "cloud-cuckoo" city, where there is no dirt, or smoke, or vulgarity—where the air is pure, and butcher-boys shine with grace instead of grease, and model maid-servants give drink out of pitchers to picturesque children, and orange-girls are modest and prim, and carters are as gentle as they are clean. We envy Mr. Dobson the gift which can translate the gross realities of London life into such bright visions. He is far happier in his "Flower Girl" (298), and his "Bauer-Mädchen" (394). We have seen this charming fair-haired German maiden before, indeed, in Mr. Dobson's pictures; but we are not tired of the fresh young face, smiling in her purity, as she looks out straight into our eyes from the ideal deep-blue sky behind. To Mr. Dobson we may find an antipode in Mr. Ansdell. "Hunted Slaves" (59) is a picture to haunt one's dreams. A negro brought to bay in the "Dismal Swamp" by three bloodhounds, attacks them with an axe, while his wife, gibbering with terror, crouches behind him. Though powerful, the picture is displeasing. We presume the local colouring is true; but the tint of the negro's skin is more bronze-like than we fancy to be common; and the fallen trunk, round which a snake is coiling in the foreground, is certainly ill-painted. So, again, the white patches of light on the man's forehead and left shoulder are clearly exaggerated. Mr. O'Neil gives us but one picture, "The Parting Cheer" (335), and that is in some respects a repetition of his "Eastward Ho!" during the Crimean war, to which he first owed his reputation. We have heard the complaint made that the subject—the departure of an emigrant ship—is stale in his hands. For our own part, we scarcely sympathize with the objection; for having once witnessed such a ship leaving dock, we can well understand the exceeding fascination of the subject to a painter who feels himself able to reproduce the scene. Never, perhaps, do Englishmen so thoroughly throw off their reserve as on the occasion of such a parting; and we doubt whether the varied forms of demonstrative grief here expressed are at all exaggerated. But we do not think the present work quite so carefully painted as its predecessors. Mr. Hook does not disappoint his admirers this year. He gives us three genuine bits of sailor life. "Leaving Cornwall for the Whitby Fishing" (118) is his best. Nothing could well be more fresh and hearty and manly than this leaving-taking. The boat lies low down by the pier; and an old seaman lets down the long rope of the net, all repaired and in good order, with the utmost deliberation; while some boys lie idly on their stomachs so as to look down over the edge of the pier into the ship below. Mr. Hook has hit exactly the characteristic tardiness in sea-life which is so tedious—in yachting, for example—to the uninitiated. On the pier is a stalwart seaman kissing his child, while the wife busies herself with a parcel of clothes all tied up in the most primitive fashion in a bundle made out of the man's second coat. All is true to nature: and the green sea is given admirably. But the land on the opposite side of the little bay is surely rather hard and unfinished. Mr. Hook's second picture, "Compass'd by the inviolate sea" (317), is equally good. Here the foreground is a grassy slope close to the beach. The sea, blue and fresh, stretches to the horizon. A sailor, lying on the sward, is playing with his crowing baby, who is thrown helplessly on its back, while his wife—who must be the beauty of the fishing village—is leaning playfully over him. An elder child is dragging a long piece of seaweed from the beach. All this is wrought out with most conscientious and painstaking care. "Sea-urchins" (522), is this artist's last picture—a forcible sketch of two fisher-boys floating on a buoy, or raft, or waif of timber, and throwing lines for whatever they can get. The illusion is perfect, and it is almost enough to make a landsman sea-sick to fancy the rocking of the timber with the rise and fall of each wave. Our space warns us to postpone our further notices for another week.

#### IRONMONGERS' HALL.

AMONG the novelties of the present season may be reckoned the prominence and frequency of the occasional museums of archaeology, carefully brought together by the exertions of learned societies, opened for a few brief days to the public, and then dispersed to the four winds. The Archaeological Institute commenced with a very curious display of mediæval embroidery and of bookbinding. The Society of Antiquaries followed next with seals. The Institute will soon again open its doors to a collection of engraved gems, while the Antiquaries are meditating a brilliant display of illuminated manuscripts. But a City Company has been more fortunate than any Society can hope to be

in the extent and splendour of the art-treasures which it has brought together from every quarter. From Wednesday evening to Saturday, during last week, the Ironmongers' Hall in Fenchurch-street was one vast gallery of plate, antiquities, ivories, and tissues. Mr. Slade's invaluable cabinet of glass from Venice and Germany was there; Limoges enamels abounded; and metal chasings—among which the Duke of Anmale's superb cross of the fifteenth century, bought at the Soltykoff sale, was conspicuous—filled the large building with a bewildering crowd of richness. Special relics, too, of our ancient history spoke to the multitude who might not have been capable of appreciating the niceties of *champ-levé* and *reposé*. The Fishmongers' Company surrendered the long-treasured dagger with which, by authentic record, their famous guildsman, Sir William Walworth, stabbed Wat Tyler; and Cardinal Wiseman contributed Becket's mitre, which he had himself received from Sens Cathedral. The helmet, the shield, and the saddle which Henry V. used at Agincourt, were yielded by Westminster Abbey, together with the state-sword and shield of Edward III.; while the dagger drawn out of James IV.'s body at Flodden Field was not wanting. The silver shield, designed by Mantegna, executed by Cellini, and given by Francis I. to Henry VIII. at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was contributed by the Queen's permission. Shakspeare's autograph, too, filled a distinguished place, and formed a centre of attraction alike to the virtuoso and the general visitor, while the conical caps of George II.'s Guards—tarnished, tawdry things, in glass cases—spoke to the truthfulness of the costume in Hogarth's "March to Finchley."

Perhaps one of the most suggestive features of the display was the large array of maces, in silver and silver-gilt, belonging to the various corporations of England and to the City Companies, which were collected together for the first time since they left the silversmith's shop. No doubt, exceeding variety is hardly possible in the design of a mace. Still we were surprised to see that, with a strong family likeness, the treatment of these glittering clubs could so be diversified, particularly as the great majority of them were clearly referable to one period—the reign of Charles II. This circumstance of course proved, as no mere historical statement could have done, how great must have been the exertions which England then made (unhappily so ill-seconded by the *vauren* Sovereign) to revive the external prestige of our national institutions.

The liberality with which this wonderful collection was thrown open gratuitously to all visitors, with only such precautions as were needful for good order and the security of the objects themselves, was not the least gratifying characteristic of the whole proceeding. We only echo a general feeling when we express our great regret that the exhibition stood open for rather less than half a week. In the character of the objects exhibited it need not have feared comparison with the museum which was on view for months at Manchester; and yet, from the shortness of time, and the denseness of the daily crowd, the public could only enjoy a short, hurried glimpse at the treasures about them. We believe that the Ironmongers' Company had, in reality, very little option in the matter, for the toil and responsibility of such a collection, which had grown up beyond their own expectations, proved so onerous that it was found impossible to prolong the exhibition. The public spirit which led the Company to devote those resources to the encouragement of art and archaeology which would in other times have been employed in its own exclusive festivities, is beyond all praise. At the same time, amateurs are not willing to make an annual loan of their cherished collections, for the trouble and the risk are both too great for such a sacrifice. We cannot, therefore, but regret that this short-lived display has probably rendered any more protracted art-treasures exhibition in London for some time to come impossible. The Ironmongers' Company has done so well that we wish it had done still better, and had, by more matured arrangements, made itself the exhibitor of a Museum which might have formed a summer's attraction to London. In the meanwhile, the value and the abundance of the articles contributed at such short notice prove not only the wealth of the country which can hold them locked up in private cabinets and corporation plate-closets, but the extent of that reverence for historical illustration which must exist in any free old commonwealth which is for the time being in a healthy political condition.

It is not much more than twenty-five years since many of the newly-reformed corporations of England inaugurated their reign by putting up the old corporation plate and insignia to the hammer. We trust that some of the foremost in that work are still alive to have seen the municipalities conspicuous by their absence from Ironmongers' Hall. One mace we wish we could have seen—that which used to belong to a certain city in the south of England. This mace, like many others, was sold off at that period, and was bought by a club of the townsmen, whose property it still remains, while its new owners generously lend it from time to time, on a receipt duly given, to the corporation, to ornament the civic festivities.

A published catalogue of the exhibition is promised: We trust that every exertion will be made to give technical value to this permanent record of the fleeting show. A few weeks sooner or later in the publication is of little value, since the exhibition has already been dispersed.

## MISS THALIA.

IN the course of a performance which recently took place at the Italian Opera House, Covent Garden, for the benefit of the Dramatic College, an original address, written by Mr. Tom Taylor, was spoken by Mrs. and Miss Stirling. The mother represented the ghost of Anne Bracegirdle, while the daughter personated the "Miss Thalia" of 1861, whose predilection for slang and pun was supposed to be highly offensive to the elderly spinster. Mistress Anne Bracegirdle's lover, the unfortunate Mountfort, wrote a piece on the subject of Faustus, which abounds in the buffoonery now confined to pantomime; the plays of Mrs. Behn, with which she was familiar, are as wild in their plot and as completely apart from the purpose of true comedy as they are licentious in dialogue; and the Duke of Buckingham's *Rehearsal* must have accustomed her to that kind of dramatic parody which has recently been so popular. Hence, when her ghost shows such a marked horror for the theatrical frivolities of 1861, we are inclined to surmise that spectres have short memories. However, Anne Bracegirdle wears a hoop, and can mention a name or two which is received as classical; she truly represents a period when five acts were heard with delight; and she is accordingly a very good figure for the illustration of that popular mythology according to which some sort of English Molière—rather difficult to specify—flourished about a hundred and sixty years ago. No living creature could have witnessed a larger amount of dramatic rubbish than Anne Bracegirdle; but she belonged to a time when the highest classes took an interest in the stage to which nothing at the present day can be compared, and when dialogue was written for the gratification of a profligate aristocracy, while the sentiments congenial to orderly plebeians were ignored or ridiculed. We are content to accept her, therefore, as a representative of wit and dramatic lengthiness, and to consider that the little pert Miss Thalia, whom she treats with such contempt stands as the type of brevity. Certainly the antagonism is more between "long" and "short," than between "slow" and "fast;" and we may add, that the Thalia of 1861 is not a lover of puns only, but that she is of a somewhat hysterical constitution, and is given to fits of crying that would have astonished the wits in the days of the latter Stuarts much more than her pertness and flippancy. Even the antagonism between "long" and "short" may be questioned; for though Miss Thalia religiously avoids five acts, she sometimes contrives to make her three acts occupy quite as many hours as her pentad-worshipping predecessor.

But we will not refine too much, or we may reduce the contest to a mystical opposition between the numbers three and five which a Pythagorean alone could comprehend. Let us content ourselves with the broad proposition that the Old Thalia of 1700 usually, though not invariably, divided her works into five sections; that she affected a love of high society, which she chiefly manifested by pandering to the vices of the great; that while she uttered much wit amid more nonsense, she had very vague notions concerning the real object of drama, and no more knew how to construct an intrinsically interesting plot than to build a first-rate man-of-war; that she was ostentatiously heartless, leaving all the sentiment, such as it was, to her sister Melpomene; and that—this is her greatest glory—her votaries were generally men highly educated for their period. On the other hand, the "Miss Thalia" of the present day usually, though not invariably, cultivates brevity; she is no great hand at epigrammatic wit, but a capital punster; she affects the humbler rather than the higher classes, and is careful not to hurt the feelings of the former for the amusement of the latter, while, as her sister Melpomene has long retired from business, much of the tear-drawing work now falls to her share.

During the last few weeks, the same "Miss Thalia"—whose office, we presume, includes comedy, domestic drama (within limits), farce, and burlesque—has made a very respectable figure. At the Haymarket, where comedy, in some shape or other, always keeps its place, there is a very pleasant work by Mr. Stirling Coyne, entitled *Black Sheep*. The "tiff" that takes place between two young lovers, both models of truth and disinterestedness, at the commencement, lasts sufficiently long, and is sufficiently various in its aspects to form a thread connecting several amusing scenes and characters, and the dialogue has been written with care and literary feeling. A lawyer's clerk, who, through the agency of a confectioner, lets himself out as a dancer at fashionable assemblies, may be welcomed as a new figure in a day when the same characters are repeated *ad infinitum*; and though the like commendation for novelty cannot be bestowed upon the charitable impostor who is one of the "Black Sheep" named in the title, the latter is liberally provided with amusing attributes. The two parts are exceedingly well filled by Messrs. Compton and Buckstone, and the sentimental interest of the piece is well maintained by Mrs. Charles Young.

The St. James's Theatre, which will close for the season this evening, has lately been the scene of a most creditable series of devotions to the muse of modern comedy. Here, indeed, Miss Thalia appears as a French demoiselle with an English surcoat cast lightly about her shoulders—an avatar which is eminently distasteful to Mr. Charles Reade, and also to many an original genius who wonders that no gaslight, save that of his own study, is allowed to fall on the creatures of his teeming brain. In other words, the last novelty has been a version of *Les Pattes de Mouche*, very ably written by Mr. Palgrave Simpson, and entitled *A Scrap of Paper*. So well are the lady and gentleman who

contend for the possession of the fatal scrap played by Mr. and Mrs. Wigan, that one might almost be tempted to imagine the French author, M. Victor Séjour, endowed with some sort of clairvoyance which enabled him to fit his plot to the peculiarities of those admirable artists. Contests of tact and *esprit* in which accomplished gentlemen and thoroughly trained women of the world display at once their pertinacity and their good breeding are ever delightful to a Parisian audience, whose doctrines on the subject of Thalia-worship are much more orthodox and better defined than our own; but with such actors as Mr. and Mrs. Wigan we may fairly expect to find the very essence of comedy on the boards of the St. James's Theatre. They have already succeeded in placing the house high on the list of fashionable places of amusement; and though they now retire for awhile, leaving their stage vacant for the performances of a French company, it is with the intention of reappearing in the autumn, encouraged to new efforts by the success of their first experiment.

At the Strand, Miss Thalia usually indulges in her wildest frolics, and more completely than elsewhere corresponds to the portrait sketched by Mr. Tom Taylor. Here, as the genius of burlesque, she revels in all kinds of amusing absurdity, and is such an adept in the art of punning that there are no two words in the English language which she may not some day connect by some yet undiscovered tie of phonetic similarity. Everybody goes to see the Strand burlesques, and they have peculiar attributes on which an entire essay might easily be written. But Mr. H. Byron, the constant creator of these attractive pleasures, is anxious to show that he can, when he pleases, worship the muse in more sober fashion; and accordingly, during the triumphant "run" of his *Aladdin*—one of his best productions—he has brought forward an original piece, entitled the *Old Story*, which, though only in two acts, may without great violence be pronounced a comedy. The story, in its foundation, is indeed as old as the title bids us expect, for it shows how a gentleman reputed rich is persecuted by interested friends, who leave him when they have reason to suppose that he is poor; but it is handled in a new fashion, and enlivened with several effective, though not very novel sketches of character.

Mr. F. Robson is now an invalid, and, of course, his valuable services are missed at the Olympic; but it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and his retirement from the *Chimney Corner*, leaving a vacancy to be filled up by Mr. Horace Wigan, has caused a young and promising actor to rise into unaccustomed prominence, and show that he is endowed with an elasticity that can readily accommodate itself to an enlarged sphere of action.

Miss Thalia's domain is already very large, and as its boundary line is not clearly marked, there is no foretelling how much territory, at present uncultivated, it may ultimately include. Still, as we may assume that no ingenious system of Imperial geography will enable Napoleon III. to annex Cochinchina, so we may suppose that such a thorough drama as the *Colleen Bawn* is beyond our Thalia's aspirations, ambitious as they may be. Therefore, when we state that Mr. Boucicault's re-appearance at the Adelphi in that unflinching work has been the signal for the re-assembly of nightly crowds, and that the drowning and resuscitation of Mrs. Boucicault is still the cause of universal excitement, we feel that the importance of the fact has lured us beyond the limits prescribed by our subject. Being, however, already out of bounds, we venture to add that M. Fechter's Hamlet still draws good audiences to the Princess's.

## REVIEWS.

## LIFE AND OPINIONS OF EARL GREY.\*

THAT large portion of the community which recoils with unaffected distaste from historical illustrations of the reign of George III. may regard General Grey's publication with tolerant complacency. His incomplete Memoir of Lord Grey happily begins after the Fox and North Coalition, nor does it affect to explain either the debates on the Regency or Pitt's retirement from office. The political part of the narrative has been anticipated by *Fox's Letters*, by the *Grenville Correspondence*, and by the ordinary histories of the time. It was Lord Grey's merit or fortune to be absolutely consistent and thoroughly intelligible through the whole of a public career extending over half a century. His biographer has nothing to explain, and little to excuse, although he naturally wishes to recall attention to his father's character and reputation. Lord Grey's fame is perhaps, at the present day, scarcely proportioned either to his early importance or to the principal part which he took in the greatest political change of modern times. No colleague or rival has an equal right to be considered the author of the Reform Bill, although Lord John Russell, surviving his former chief by many years, has gradually persuaded himself and others that he himself originated the measure of a Cabinet in which he had not even a seat. Thirty years ago it was allowed by universal consent that, of all living men, Lord Grey had the best right to connect his name with Reform, and to lead the party which had adopted the favourite project of his youth. General Grey's account of his life terminates with his separation from Lord Grenville after

\* *Some Account of the Life and Opinions of Charles, Second Earl Grey.* By Lieutenant-General Hon. C. Grey. London: Bentley. 1861.



the Peace, and the writer expresses a hope that the present head of the family will complete the work by writing the history of the Reform Administration. The interval would include Lord Grey's opposition to the Government on the Queen's Trial, his stern refusal to coalesce with Canning, and the effective support which he afforded to the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829. There are few statesmen whose course of action in any given conjuncture might be more confidently predicted. Indifferent or averse to office, rather attached to principles than solicitous of results, Lord Grey maintained an austere purity which may perhaps not have been wholly barren of public utility. Though he became a Parliamentary leader at twenty-two, he only held office for a single year before he became Prime Minister at the age of sixty-six. Until the time of the Reform Bill he had seldom either passed an Act or prevented hostile legislation. The greater part of his political life was occupied in an unavailing protest, but the opinions to which he had long borne witness were fruitful of practical consequences during his short Administration and in the busy period which followed. His son adheres with thorough-going loyalty to all his doctrines, and to all his acts, from his enrolment among the Friends of the People in 1794, to his rejection of further constitutional changes after the Reform Bill. More discriminating criticism will find in his whole career no instance of meanness, of fickleness, or of petty personal calculation.

Mr. Grey entered the House of Commons in 1786, and almost immediately attached himself to Mr. Fox, who, to the end of his life, regarded him as his chief follower or colleague in the guidance of the party. During the revolutionary conflict, the younger politician even outran his leader in the violence of his language and in the activity of his opposition; but Mr. Fox was invariably tolerant of party zeal, and, as he himself said, "he did not like to discourage the young ones." When he became disinclined to an active part in affairs, he always urged Mr. Grey to regard himself as the future chief of a Whig Administration; and in 1803, when his own ambition was revived by the prospect of success, he declared that, without the support of his friend, he would desist from the struggle altogether. It is not surprising that Grey was an ally and a friend after Fox's own heart. His ancient lineage, his personal grace and accomplishments, his social position, and his uncompromising acceptance of the party creed, won a confidence which was never fully conceded to the genius of Burke or to the versatile ability of Sheridan. If a Whig Ministry had been formed in 1788, Grey would probably have had a seat in the Cabinet, while older and abler partisans would have been relegated to lucrative and subordinate posts. Even if Fox had not been exempt from personal jealousy, there was no pretence of superiority in his friend which could have excited his alarm. Grey was born within the indispensable limits of the sacred circle, and he was not liable, like Burke, to reason himself, by speculative refinements, out of his allegiance to his party. In his private character, he seems fully to have deserved the affection of his friend; and the singular dislike which they both learned to entertain for the occupation in which they were jointly engaged may perhaps have served as an additional bond of sympathy. Many of Fox's letters are divided between lamentations at being dragged from St. Anne's Hill and entreaties that Grey will once more make the irksome sacrifice of leaving Howick for London. There is something attractive and even beneficial in a repugnance to public life, when it is not so far indulged as to prevail over opposite motives. A Minister or party leader who believes that he would rather be living quietly at home is exempt from many temptations which beset eager candidates for power. When Lord Grey resigned, in 1834, he declared, with perfect sincerity and consistency, that he would gladly resume the domestic seclusion which he had relinquished through a sense of duty. The sentiment appeared so popular that both his outgoing and his residuary colleagues proceeded, one after another, to assert that they also would severally prefer their farms and their studies to the unprofitable turmoil of office. Lord Melbourne wound up the string of explanations by an avowal of his perfect belief in all the professions of his friends who had resigned and of his friends who remained. For himself, however, he felt bound to confess that, with coarser tastes and a more selfish disposition, he, on the whole, preferred being in office. The contrast was highly effective, but the House of Lords, in the midst of its amusement, never thought of applying the satire to Lord Grey.

After Fox's death, his friend continued, until his own retirement from public life, to be recognised as the undisputed leader of the pure and orthodox Whigs. He was frequently annoyed by the violence and insubordination of Mr. Whitbread, and at a later period he was for a time almost isolated by the coalition between Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Canning; but his legitimate pre-eminence was never permanently disputed, and his appointment as Prime Minister, in 1830, was unanimously applauded by all sections of his ancient adherents. For nine years after the death of Fox, his Parliamentary leadership was divided with Lord Grenville, as the representative of the seceders from Pitt. The cordiality of the alliance between two chiefs of nearly equal pretensions was a proof on either side of kindly feeling, of generosity, and above all of public spirit. In experience, and in statesmanlike comprehension, Lord Grenville was superior to his colleague, while Lord Grey was a more effective orator, and at the same time was the undisputed depository of the genuine Whig tradition. In public and ostensible transactions both were esteemed haughty, and Pitt himself had been provoked into saying of Grenville, "I will teach that proud man that I can stand

without him." Both statesmen were, however, superior to personal vanity, and they were both emphatically gentlemen. General Grey says that his father was peculiarly humble and modest in his estimate of himself, and the extracts which he publishes from his most confidential letters strongly support this assertion. During his long career of uninterrupted success as a Parliamentary speaker, he could never prepare for a debate without painful nervousness. Before making his first speech in the House of Lords, he wrote to Lady Grey that he was in a general tremor, and that his hands were so cold with anxiety that he could scarcely hold a pen. The reciprocal confidence of two leaders who had spent twenty years in opposing one another was as firm, if not so affectionate, as the earlier intimacy which had united Grey with Fox. When the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the internal disturbances of the first years of the peace, produced irreconcilable differences of opinion, they parted with sincere and dignified expressions of esteem, and Lord Grenville shortly afterwards finally retired from public life. General Grey naturally records at length the various overtures which the allied chiefs received and rejected between their own dismissal from office, in 1807, and the final establishment of Lord Liverpool's Administration under the Regency. All the details, however, have been published before; and few memories are tenacious enough to distinguish amidst the negotiations with Perceval, with the Duke of York, with Lord Wellesley, and with Lord Moira. Lord Grenville and Lord Grey were equally resolute in their determination to insist on Catholic Emancipation, and incidentally they concurred in distrusting, and almost in detesting, Mr. Canning. While Lord Grey and his followers awaited their time, the Grenville party, deprived of its leader, dwindled out into a small and neutral section, which at last was little more than a family cabal. After some years of oscillation, the Duke of Buckingham sold his following to Lord Liverpool for a dukedom and two or three offices; and Mr. Charles Wynne, as the attenuated political heir of Lord Grenville, finally held a subordinate place in Lord Grey's Cabinet of 1830. It may still be a cause for regret that the chiefs of the Opposition of 1808 were excluded from the public service of their country by far inferior rivals; but, on the conduct of the war, and even on the Catholic question, the opinion of the country was favourable to the Government. General Grey vindicates his father from the charge of habitual injustice to the Duke of Wellington, although, after the battle of Talavera, he proposed to exclude the Commander-in-Chief from any share in the vote of thanks to the army. In the following year, after the advance from Torres Vedras, Lord Grey seconded the vote of thanks with a manly retraction of his former criticisms on the General's capacity. His continued opposition to the Peninsular War, his anxiety for an early peace with Napoleon, and the policy which separated him from Lord Grenville in 1815, may be regarded with little hesitation as mistakes. His natural disposition inclined him to regard rules and maxims in preference to immediate and special expediency, while the circumstances of the time were too exceptional to be included in any theoretical system. It is true that a nation incapable of defending itself is rarely entitled to foreign assistance, and that the political and military inefficiency of the Spaniards would have served as a plausible excuse for abandoning their cause. At a later period, the exclusion of the Bonaparte family from the throne of France was a conspicuous violation of the sound doctrine which prohibits interference with internal institutions. In both cases Lord Grey was right in his general proposition, but the Parliament and the country over-ruled his protests in the well-founded conviction that Napoleon had made himself the irreconcilable enemy of freedom, of national independence, and especially of England.

By far the most interesting portion of the memoir is that which relates to Lord Grey's domestic life. There are many subjects on which a near relative is necessarily uninformed, nor is it possible or desirable that a son should form an impartial and independent judgment of his father's character. On the other hand, home life can only be really understood by members of the same family, and General Grey's reminiscences of Howick cannot fail to command the sympathy and respect which he claims for its former owner. The same discontent and sense of loneliness which Lord Grey felt when he was separated from his wife and children are probably shared and expressed by thousands in every rank of society; but there is something touching and attractive in the proof that a great political leader constantly meditated the sacrifice of all share in public affairs because they took him from home. Mr. Fox once urged him to bring Mrs. Grey with him to London, because he was good for nothing in her absence; and his letters are full of imaginary pictures of his girls at the piano or of his boys on horseback. On the whole, English opinion is fully satisfied that private vices are not public benefits, and that integrity is secured by a deep attachment to any hostages who may have been given to fortune. Lord Grey might possibly have effected more practical good if he had been less sincerely indifferent to success and to office. His circumstances and his disposition were at least highly favourable to the maintenance of political purity and of personal dignity. The account of his interior life satisfactorily repels the belief, which was once widely entertained, that he succeeded to power in his later years a soured and disappointed man. If the present Lord Grey thinks fit to undertake the task which is suggested to him, his work will furnish a more suitable opportunity for determining his father's rank as a statesman.

## ADVENTURES IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA.\*

M. DU CHAILLU'S narrative will not disappoint the expectations which the announcement of it has excited for some months past. Its literary merits are considerable, for it is clear, lively, and judiciously pruned of the unimportant details which are apt to make travels dull. But these are of small importance compared to the value and novelty of the discoveries it contains. In this respect he must be looked upon as an unusually fortunate traveller. His explorations, extending over a period of eight years, were in no degree exempt from the hardships and dangers which are the condition of African travel. He sojourned among cannibals, panthers, crocodiles, and snakes—underwent fifty attacks of the fevers peculiar to equatorial Africa—walked several hundred miles on foot—and was constantly in a condition so nearly bordering on starvation that he was sometimes, for twelve days together, without any other food than the roots and berries he could pick up in the woods. These are the consolations in travel to which most African explorers must submit. They are worse, but not much worse, than what Magyar, a few degrees further south, and Burton, on the opposite coast, had to pass through. But the harvest by which M. Du Chaillu's labours were rewarded was, beyond all comparison, more abundant than any of his recent fellow-labourers have reaped. Neither Burton, nor Livingstone, nor Magyar have produced anything approaching in interest to the wonderful disclosures by which M. Du Chaillu's courage and sufferings have been repaid.

The geographical discoveries are more curious because they confirm the surmises which, from the analogies of geology, had been formed by Sir Roderick Murchison, than because they involve anything peculiar or unexplained. M. Du Chaillu has ascertained, with tolerable certainty, that, from the coast range of mountains at the point at which he penetrated it, there starts off at right angles another and a very lofty range which stretches eastward right across the continent of Africa, and is within a very few degrees coincident with the equator. From this great watershed he suspects that Burton's Lake Tanganyika on the South, and the feeders of the Nile on the North, take their rise. Further, he thinks that this chain, bisecting Africa as he supposes it to do, solves a hitherto knotty problem in ethnology. It explains why the Mohammedan conquest, which mastered the greater part of Northern African with such ease, was checked in its career, and has hitherto been traced by no discoverer in the South. These, however, are matters of surmise for future explorers to confirm. What he saw with his own eyes is more remarkable. The chief interest of his narrative of course centres in the Gorilla. It had been heard of before, but never seen living by the eyes of a white man. The habits of the animal are so novel, and his feats so wonderful, that the discovery would be a notable one in itself—far more so as helping, though slightly, to diminish the chasm that separates man from the brute creation. There are difficulties in the way of disbelieving that a real link exists, or has existed—far greater difficulties, perhaps, in believing it. But the idea is so vast, so revolutionary in its consequences, that most people feel that any step, however short, in that direction, exercises a terrible fascination which could belong to no other discovery in natural history. What M. Du Chaillu has discovered in reference to the gorilla is this. Its frame is more human than that of any other ape. The arrangements of the pelvis and the spine, the relative size of the feet and hands, and the structure of the toes, bring it more nearly to the human type than any other quadrumanous animal previously known. At the same time, though it can stand upright with more ease than any other creature of its order, it cannot do so for very long, and does not do so habitually. Its peculiar distinction is its enormous ferocity and power. It is the only animal, not carnivorous, that, when alone and unattacked, does not fly from man. It appears to treat him as an inferior being, and will attack him to punish him for the mere offence of the intrusion. Its mode of attack is very peculiar and terrible. Almost every other animal springs upon or runs at its enemy. Not so the gorilla. He walks towards him a few paces at a time, stopping at intervals to beat his huge breast and roar—and it is a roar that can be heard three miles off. When he has deliberately reached his antagonist in this way, he gives him one blow with his gigantic arm, smashing his ribs to pieces if he strikes the chest, and ripping him open if he strikes lower down. Perhaps he may give him two blows—never more. If his antagonist, after this discipline, be not dead, he pays him no more attention, but walks in a stately manner back into his forest. Negroes have thus escaped to tell the tale, with only a few compound fractures and the loss, perhaps, of a limb. Many still more terrible tales have been told of him, which M. Du Chaillu has contradicted. The current statement was that he would lurk in trees, catch up with his feet men and women passing under, and carry them off into the forest; and that it was his habit to attack with a club in his hand, just like a man. This is all pure myth. He does not use a club—indeed, with such arms he has no need of one. He does not gratuitously attack any one who does not intrude upon his retreat, for, as his food is purely vegetable, he can have no motive for such expeditions. But he is perfectly untamable. M. Du Chaillu caught one that was only two years old, and tried to tame it. Its strength was so great that, even at that age, it required four men to hold it, and contrived to bite some of them while they did it.

It was kept in confinement for ten days, until it died; but it never relaxed for a moment in its ferocious attacks on any one that came near it. But, though far stronger than any other of its family, the gorilla is not the most intelligent. Another discovered by M. Du Chaillu, called by the natives the *mbouvé*, has a larger cranial development, and is more ingenious in its habits. It is a bald-headed ape; and, a bald head being an inconvenience under an African sun, it has learned to make parasols for itself out of leaves and twigs. It constructs them in the trees, where they hang like gigantic inverted nests, usually two together, for the *mbouvé* and his wife to sit under. They are common in the woods—much commoner than the animal itself—for as soon as all the food in the immediate neighbourhood of these parasols is exhausted, the couple go off and construct another pair in the centre of some still unexplored district. These animals, though cleverer, are much milder than the gorilla. M. Du Chaillu caught one young, and tamed it. It showed none of the persistent and unconquerable ferocity of the baby gorilla. It became as affectionate and as troublesome as a spoiled child. It showed no desire to run away. The two great passions which brought it into collision with its human keepers were thieving and the love of sleeping with some one else—the first of which tendencies was a great plague to M. Du Chaillu, and the second was the terror of the negroes. It was dreadfully intelligent and very obstinate. Whenever M. Du Chaillu was at dinner, it would climb up into a tree to survey his bill of fare; and having made its selection, it would come down and worry him till he gave it what it wanted. Sometimes, if there were two or three kinds of food, he did not know at first which it wished to have; and occasionally he would offer it the wrong one. Then it would fling the gift violently away, and howl all the louder until its tastes were exactly satisfied. It too, however, died after it had been under his care for a few weeks. Curiously enough, it was quite white in its skin, though its parents were black, and though it inhabited the same woods as the gorilla, whose young is perfectly black. It is also a remarkable circumstance that the brains of these apes, when quite young, approach in size far more nearly to the brains of human children than the brains of the adults do to those of men.

The animal wonders of the country explored by M. du Chaillu are not confined to the monkey tribe. It is a happy thing that some of them are new to the world. He has entirely failed in his efforts to import any live specimens of the monkeys; but it would be a very awful thing if he were ever to succeed in introducing another of his novelties—the *bashikouay* ants. Of all the insect plagues in which the tropics are fertile, these seem to be the most fearful. They live on animal food, alive or dead; and in procuring it they have the advantage, not only of countless numbers, but of the most perfect organization. The account of them is best given in the author's own words:—

I do not think that they build a nest or home of any kind. At any rate they carry nothing away, but eat all their prey on the spot. It is their habit to march through the forests in a long regular line—a line about two inches broad and often several miles in length. All along this line are larger ants, who act as officers, stand outside the ranks, and keep this singular army in order. If they come to a place where there are no trees to shelter them from the sun, whose heat they cannot bear, they immediately build underground tunnels, through which the whole army passes in columns to the forest beyond. These tunnels are four or five feet underground, and are used only in the heat of the day or during a storm.

When they grow hungry the long file spreads itself through the forest in a front line, and attacks and devours all it overtakes with a fury which is quite irresistible. The elephant and gorilla fly before this attack. The black men run for their lives. Every animal that lives in their line of march is chased. They seem to understand and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and concentrate, with great speed, their heaviest forces upon the point of attack. In an incredibly short space of time the mouse, or dog, or leopard, or deer is overwhelmed, killed, eaten, and the bare skeleton only remains.

They seem to travel night and day. Many a time have I been awakened out of sleep, and obliged to rush from the hut and into the water to save my life, and after all suffered intolerable agony from the bites of the advance-guard, who had got into my clothes. When they enter a house they clear it of all living things. Cockroaches are devoured in an instant. Rats and mice spring round the room in vain. An overwhelming force of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute, in spite of the most frantic struggles, and in less than another minute its bones are stripped. Every living thing in the house is devoured. They will not touch vegetable matter. Thus they are in reality very useful (as well as dangerous) to the negroes, who have their huts cleared of all the abounding vermin, such as immense cockroaches and centipedes, at least several times a year.

When on their march the insect-world flies before them, and I have often had the approach of a *bashikouay* army heralded to me by this means. Wherever they go they make a clean sweep, even ascending to the tops of the highest trees in pursuit of their prey. Their manner of attack is an impetuous leap. Instantly the strong pinners are fastened, and they only let go when the piece gives way. At such times this little animal seems animated by a kind of fury which causes it to disregard entirely its own safety, and to seek only the conquest of its prey. The bite is very painful.

The negroes relate that criminals were in former times exposed in the path of the *bashikouay* ants, as the most cruel manner of putting them to death.

It is impossible, in the small space we can dispose of, even to indicate all the matters of interest contained in this very curious book. The author's knowledge of the natives was very intimate, and his account of them is of great value. Their manners are curiously similar to those which the colonial authorities of the Cape have described as existing among the Kafirs at the other end of the Continent, as well as to those of intermediate tribes described by other travellers. There are two special points of striking resemblance. Polygamy is practised in all these countries, not as a luxury, but as a mere engine of influence, every man of

\* *Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa.* By Paul B. Du Chaillu. London: Murray. 1861.



position taking a great number of wives merely for the purpose of strengthening himself by an extensive alliance; and throughout this enormous tract every man seems to be utterly at the mercy of the witch-doctors. The tenacity of the latter superstition is very strange. If any man dies of anything except violence or old age, he has been bewitched; and the witch-doctor must find out the culprit. From his finding there is no appeal, except to an ordeal more terrible than mere death. The condemned is made to drink an infusion of the *mbounou*, a species of *nux vomica*. In a very few cases—whether by collusion in its preparation does not quite appear—the dose is harmless. In almost every case it kills, often forcing the blood to burst out of the veins. These witchcraft murders are so constant that they are rapidly thinning the tribes; and the dread of them seems to weigh on the natives so heavily, that, as one reads the account, one almost doubts whether slavery in America is, in reality, much of a change for the worse. A great number of those who are carried away are culprits who have been condemned for sorcery, and who, if there were no slave-trade, would die in horrible tortures.

We have no room left to speak of the Fans—a strange race of cannibals who habitually live upon the corpses, not only of those who have died by a violent death, but of their own people who have died of disease; and who, apparently in consequence of this peculiar diet, are the cleverest, healthiest, noblest, and most civilized race of all the tribes with whom the author came in contact. But for these, and many other curious tales besides, we must refer our readers to the book itself.

#### RAIKES'S CORRESPONDENCE.\*

THIS volume contains a selection of the letters which the late Mr. Raikes wrote and received from a circle of intimate friends and acquaintances. For the most part, the turn of mind and the political and social views which characterized his Diary are reflected in the communications of his friends, and are naturally reproduced in his own letters. He and his friends were a set of Tories of the old school—men attached to their country, but proud of belonging to European as well as English society, fully persuaded that every approach to democracy was in the worst possible taste, content with the surface of things, and yet with a keen though narrow mental activity, and a delight in acquiring that kind of information which gives body to good letter-writing and good talking. Mr. Raikes belonged to what in their day were called the Dandies—and it must be owned that the Dandies had something to show for the celebrity with which they were once honoured. There was a friendliness, a sprightliness, a courtesy in what they did and said which shines even in their occasional letters. Their affectations and impertinences may be pardoned now, and may even be advantageously contrasted with the *blase* arrogance of the same kind of quality in fiction. To find place after place dull, and to despise the English out of their own set, are simple gratifications which may easily be conceded to a dandy if he is to be a dandy at all. We continually read in these letters how the great A. and the greater B. have passed through the place whence the letter is dated, together with an infinity of *frélin*. Jokes on the name of John Bull vary their expression of feeling, and we are told that the writer is “reminded of bulldozing,” and has lately seen, besides his own acquaintance, a host of unknown bulls and cows. Nor are the letters deficient in passages which carry us pleasantly along. A narrative in the form of a letter written by Lord Alvanley, while going up the Rhine, is as easy and neat a piece of traveller’s description as could be wished. Lord Roceby sends very lively and amusing sketches from the different capitals he visits. He hits off the present heir of the Bourbons in the following picturesque way:—“The Duc de Bordeaux is fat, fair, but not forty; he might have passed for the prototype of Pickwick’s Fat Boy, did he go to sleep; but he is, on the contrary, *très-évillé*, with a laughing eye, agreeable smile, and singularly good manners. His figure threatens the *Dix-huit*, but he walks and rides with dignity.” Mr. Raikes, too, contributes a great number of anecdotes and a great store of gossip about the things of the day at Paris between the years 1840 and 1844; and those who care to go curiously into the details of forgotten quarrels may perhaps find some information as to the policy of the French Court and Cabinet at the time of the Syrian quarrel, and the first beginnings of the Spanish Marriage quarrel, that may be new to them.

We must not, however, speak too highly of Mr. Raikes and of the set to which he belonged. A spirit pervades most of the letters contained in this volume which we hope is dying out, and which cannot fade too quickly away. The correspondents are friendly and kindly to each other, but are unanimous in their contempt for every man, woman, and institution that does not harmonize with the English Tory and the party of Order on the Continent. Mr. Raikes always blames the French Government, and every French Minister and man of eminence, on every occasion, simply because he hated the Revolution of July, and all connected with it. He thought the reign of the *bourgeoisie* shocking bad style. He has always some unfavourable story to tell of the Royal Family, and not only has the good fortune to happen to

know every motive that actuates Louis Philippe’s mind, but he had fortune to find that every motive he detects is bad. The King is a rascally old intriguer—the Duke of Orleans is a rascally young Radical. He sticks at no story, however transparently absurd, so long as it can damage his adversaries. He represents, for example, Madame Adelaide as saying to a young *attaché*, with respect to the fortifications of Paris, “We know we have no right to the post we hold, but are determined to maintain it.” Whatever opinion her enemies or friends may have entertained of Madame Adelaide, few persons except Mr. Raikes could have persuaded themselves that she was the sort of woman to speak in this way to an *attaché*. All the best points of Parisian society in the days of Louis Philippe are utterly ignored in this volume. Gossip about the Ministry of the day was all that Mr. Raikes cared to collect; and there is no doubt that sometimes the gossip he collected was amusing. But it came to little more than that the King was cheating the Ministers, and that the Ministers were cheating the King and each other. The truth is, we believe, that the Tory of the days of the Regency had a deep dislike of constitutional government; and as it was rather a social than a political feeling, it shows itself more in the circle of the Dandies than even in that of the Parliamentary world. The exquisite could not bear the thought that snobs should have their luck and rise to rule kingdoms. Even now there are Tories who view with an unreasoning dislike any extension of representative government, and the feeling was much stronger a generation ago. It is not without a keen sense of what is appropriate that Miss Raikes has dedicated this volume of correspondence to the present Emperor of the French. He would have had an excellent chance of being a hero of Mr. Raikes’s *colerie* if they had lived to see him in the height of his power. As the policy of getting what is called a good strong government in order that snobs may be kept in their places is one with which we have no kind of sympathy, a series of letters in which the approbation of such a policy continually shows itself is not very attractive.

A large portion of the correspondence consists of letters which passed between Mr. Raikes and the Duke of Wellington; and these letters contain enough evidence to make it clear that the Duke had a strong leaning to the opinions entertained by the Dandies, only that his strong sense and his habit of dealing with affairs on a large scale prevented him from abandoning himself to a narrowness that had many charms for him. The light which may in this way be thrown on one side of the Duke’s character may possibly serve as an excuse for publishing some of the letters which are contained in this volume, or otherwise it would seem absurd to print letters so short, so uninteresting, and so commonplace. Mr. Raikes often got no more than a line or two from his Grace, just to say that the letter from Paris had come to hand and was acceptable. A letter containing little besides the words “My dear sir, your views are always correct and highly welcome to me, ever yours, &c., Wellington,” is scarcely worth printing, although it came from the conqueror of Waterloo. But perhaps the mere fact that the Duke thought views like those of Mr. Raikes “always correct and highly welcome” ought to be noticed by an impartial biographer. There are also many passages in the volume where the opinions enunciated by the Duke are really marked by his strong sense, or are valuable as coming from a man of such long and wide experience. His remarks upon the Princess Lieven, for instance, will please all who detest the race of female political intriguers. “I do not doubt,” he writes, “the inclination of that lady to do England all the mischief in her power, in return for much kindness and good-will with which she was treated during a long residence here.” He repeatedly, also, expresses his views about the danger of excluding France from the councils of Europe—a belief that so profoundly influenced him on several great occasions of his life. At the time of the Syrian quarrel, he writes, “I have no confidence in the system of *isolement*. It does not answer in social life for individuals, nor in politics for nations. Man is a social animal. I have still less confidence in *pair armée*.” We find, also, in more than one letter, some very instructive remarks on the kind of friendship which it is possible France and England should preserve. “My opinion is,” the Duke writes, in 1840, “that France and England at peace, respecting each other, and each the rights of the other, are strong enough to preserve the general peace and to prevent the oppression of the weak of this world by the strong. But if it is endeavoured to carry further the intercourse between these rivals for everything interesting to the prosperity, the ambition, and the vanity of a nation, they must quarrel, and their quarrel must deluge the world in blood.” And again, in 1846, the Duke dwells on the necessity of England and France acting together, in the following terms:—“France is, as well as ourselves, a maritime Power. We have hundreds of interests identical with hers, but with which the other Continental Powers have no more relation than if they existed in the moon; these interests bring us in constant relation with the French Government *de facto*.” On the other hand, we find opinions of the Duke scattered through the volume which rather surprise us. Even as late as 1844, he speaks of “our absurd declaration of the independence of the colonies of Spain.” Again, he tells us that he does not much approve of the Slave-trade system; by which he apparently means our efforts to put the Slave-trade down. Perhaps it is a mistake to attach too much importance to the opinions of the Duke of Wellington. He had not enough of original genius to

\* Private Correspondence of Thomas Raikes with the Duke of Wellington and other Distinguished Contemporaries. Edited by his daughter, Harriet Raikes. London: Bentley. 1861.

make his sayings of more than temporary interest. But he held so remarkable a position in England in the latter years of his life, and such respect was paid to everything he said, that every hint as to his views will be welcome to many now that he is gone. And such persons will find it quite worth their while to examine closely the relations he held with an ex-dandy and old Tory gossip like Mr. Raikes.

There are not many stories in the volume which are worth extracting, nor is there much to give positive amusement, although few of the letters can be called dull. Occasional allusions to a man then very famous in Parisian society—M. Montrond—provide perhaps the nearest approach to amusement. It so happens that the delight and fun with which this wit gathered and retailed the circumstances of what was called the conversion of Talleyrand are alluded to in a letter from Lord Alvanley in 1838. "Montrond is wonderful: apoplexy and gout do their worst, but cannot subdue his spirits and *esprit*. He killed us with laughing at his stories about M. de Talleyrand's death. He said that when the signature to the retraction was affixed, a priest declared it was a miracle, on which he gravely said that he had already known of just such another miracle." The story was this. When General Zouvens was killed, Montrond and a friend went to the spot where he lay, and asked the only person who had seen the catastrophe how it occurred. This was a hussar, who replied, "Le boulet l'a frappé, et il n'avait que juste le temps de me dire, Prenez ma bourse et ma montre; et il est mort." If Montrond really invented this story on the spot, as a retort to the priest, it was greatly to the credit of his wit. But the strange thing is that the very same thing happened to Montrond himself which had so much amused him in the case of Talleyrand. He died in the odour of sanctity, as Mr. Raikes expresses it, and responded very amicably to the efforts of one or two religious friends who tried to bring him to a sense of his situation. The Duke commented on this in a very odd and characteristic way. "I am sorry for poor Montrond," he writes, "but pleased that he died a Christian. I don't believe that these sudden deathbed conversions are of good example; but it is better that such should take place for such a man rather than not at all. They produce some effect on those who imitate them, and the few who admire them." The Duke's style is so peculiar that it is hard to gather exactly what he meant; but we gather that he thought such scenes as the retraction of Talleyrand and Montrond's initiation into the odour of sanctity desirable. We should be sorry to pronounce a different opinion hastily; but we may remark that the Duke omits to notice the influence of such scenes on the many who despise them.

#### HAMILTON'S LOGIC.\*

SIR W. HAMILTON'S *Logic* is drier than his *Metaphysics*, and as formidable. To open his book from curiosity is to pry into a doctor's closet, and find a skeleton—to examine further is to risk being clasped in its embrace. The grisly anatomy of thought displays a mechanical activity which it is more comfortable to inspect at a little distance.

Logic, as at once a special and a universal science, has held a place among the rest not unlike that of the Papacy among the secular powers of Europe. When the other sciences were feeble, and had more to fear from license than from undue control, logic was strong, and exercised a beneficial sway. As one by one they outgrew her traditions, she struggled to retain her supremacy. Defied at last in her nearest dependencies, and reduced to little more than an uncertain hold upon a narrow territory of her own, she may either pride herself on the precarious maintenance there of a system less theoretically perfect than practically worthless, or, recanting her errors, she may frankly accept and give unity to the order established in the sciences. If the choice be wisely made, she has still a future.

Plato's *Dialectic* was a theory of the universe; Aristotle's *Syllogism* invaded the whole realm of knowledge; and Bacon announced his *Induction* as a new means of extorting all the secrets of nature. If "the Greek Aristotelians and Latin schoolmen agreed in the general statement that logic has to do with forms only," they certainly never meant to renounce her right to speak of an order beyond that of the human mind. The intricate interpenetration of thought and things, together with a practical conviction that the perfection of human thought lies in its adaptation to things, and through them to the Thought which they embody, impeded whatever tendency there was to sever logic from reality, until the trenchant idealism of Kant began a work which his followers have only too rapidly accomplished. Sir W. Hamilton having ably advocated the revolution, and having translated some of almost all his lectures, and almost all of some (*e.g.* Lect. xxxiii. and xxxiv.), from Kant's disciples, Krug and Esser, his work may be regarded as the introduction into this country of the Kantian logic, with improvements of his own. And the range of the science, as conceived by writers of this school, may be briefly given as follows:—Logic, they say, is the science of thought, not of things—of the form of thought, not of its matter. "But there is still required a last and final limitation, for this form contains more than logic can legitimately consider." It is the science of the necessary and universal, not of the contingent

and particular, laws of thought. And the necessary and universal Laws of Thought are three only, which may be expressed in the formula:—

A is A.  
Nothing can be A and not A.  
Everything is A or not A.

Within these limits logic may still reign supreme, infallible, and irresistible. Narrow as they seem, and barren of all interest, it is more for her dignity to be absolute here than, claiming a wider dominion, to be sometimes confronted by experience. What if the sum total of her truths be but small? There is the more room for skill in setting it out to advantage. "It is not knowledge, it is not truth," says Sir W. Hamilton, "that the philosopher principally seeks; he seeks the exercise of his faculties and feelings. Science is a chase, and in a chase the pursuit is always of greater value than the game." These three laws may be handled so as to furnish abundance of rational entertainment, and a pursuit as endless and exciting (till one sees through it), as that of a kitten after its tail. The game is played thus:—Take any form of argument, say a Dilemma. Here are three laws, the law of Identity, the law of Contradiction, and the law of Excluded Middle—which of them does it obey? The Dilemma, says Scharfsinn, obeys the law of Excluded Middle. Upon which Tiefsinn takes up the law of Identity, and shows that it obeys that. But if Tiefsinn has said that it obeys the law of Identity, Scharfsinn will soon prove that it follows that of Contradiction. Let him be as deep or as clever as he pleases, no one can tell which thimble the pea is under. And yet, if no one is right, no one is wrong. The truth is, even these three laws of thought are not independent of each other. "Begin with any one, the other two follow as corollaries." The law of Identity stands first in the order of nature, though its claim was first asserted in the fourteenth century after Christ by one Antonius Andreas. Hence the Logic of Sir W. Hamilton is the science of the law—

A is A

with its corollaries; and may be compared with the metaphysics of certain Oriental philosophers, who, concentrating their attention on the pits of their stomachs, repeat the mystic word OM. If human wisdom can be summed up in the word OM, properly repeated, by all means let men repair to the Boden Sanskrit Professor at Oxford, and beg him to teach them Indian metaphysics. If the laws of human thought can be deduced from the single principle that A is A, let them give their days and nights to the study of Edinburgh Logic. But as we turn our wandering gaze from the giant bulk which rears itself towards the skies to the empty vessel which is said to have contained it, we may be pardoned for doubting whether those mighty limbs could lie compressed within such narrow compass, and for suspecting that if the genie consent to prove it by re-entering the prison, he may be sealed up and flung into the sea for another thousand years. At least, the feat is so marvellous that it is worth while to watch these eminent conjurors while they reel off the forms of proposition, syllogism, and sorites from the single principle that A is A.

But first let it be observed that A is A in metaphysics as well as in logic, and in everyday life as well as in metaphysics. Even Antonius Andreas, discovering the principle of identity before Kant severed thought from things, expressed it in a metaphysical formula, "Ens est Ens," or (as the Squire and Moses Primrose agreed), "Whatever is, is." And the busy market-woman acts upon it when she forgives mischief on the ground that "boys will be boys," or measures certainty by the standard, "as sure as eggs are eggs." Here at least there is no need for the prolonged artificial separation of thought from things, which falls in but too well with the natural foible of the human mind. Or even if the separation be allowed, the analogy is instructive. So far as the great law of identity, however true, fails to account for the relations of things, there is a presumption against its furnishing an analysis of the forms of thought. Nor need we rest on a presumption. If such an analysis were possible, Sir W. Hamilton was the man to work it out. And without more patience than perhaps is due to the pains which he has spent on this theory, it may be seen, in outline, what he has made of it.

In Logic, the first identity, which cannot be violated without ceasing to think, is that of a conception, or (in the language of the Professor) a *concept*, with itself. In what does this identity consist? General Mental Philosophy teaches that a concept has quantity of two kinds, inasmuch as it unites a plurality of objects (or subordinate concepts) in virtue of a plurality of attributes which they possess in common. For example, the concept Mammal unites whales, apes, and men, &c., as warm-blooded, air-breathing, viviparous, vertebrate animals. The whales, apes, &c., make up the *quantity of extension*; the warmth of their blood, &c., the *quantity of comprehension*. "This distinction forms the very cardinal point on which the whole of Logic turns." But the logician cannot identify a concept by the quality of its contents, for that belongs to the matter, not to the form, of thought; nor by its abstract quantities, for two concepts may coincide in this respect without being identical. (Even to say that "one concept is co-extensive with another when each has the same number of subordinate concepts" (*i.* 188) is open to misapprehension.) Formal Logic can recognise a concept only by taking leave to set arbitrary marks on it, or (if sufficiently instructed) on all its parts. And logically to define or divide a

\* *Lectures on Logic*. By Sir W. Hamilton, Bart. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood and Sons. 1860.



concept means simply to run through these notes of its comprehension or extension.

Hence, in comparing two concepts, the logician can apply the law of Identity only by seeing whether some, all, or none of the marks which he has attached to them are the same for both. But here (according to Sir W. Hamilton) it is necessary to make a choice. "Concepts can only be compared together with reference, first, to their extension, or second, to their comprehension. All their relations are therefore dependent on the one or on the other of these quantities." All judgments, though the same form of words may serve for both, are in thought either extensive or comprehensive. Syllogisms of extension and syllogisms of comprehension, though convertible, are "two different—two contrasted forms of reasoning." The peculiarity of Sir W. Hamilton's system lies in keeping them apart. For the present, therefore, we may confine our remarks to his theory of the relations of extension.

If no part of their extension be common to two concepts, the result is a universal negative—if every part be common, a universal affirmative judgment. If each have some parts in common with the other and some of its own, by looking only to the former or only to the latter, a particular affirmative or a particular negative may be obtained. So far, the identity or non-identity (in respect of extension) of the terms compared being total, the relation is reciprocal; either concept may be affirmed (or denied) of the other. But there is a less symmetrical case. If every part of A be found in B, but not *vice versa*, the identity and the non-identity are partial. It may be said that all A is B, but not that all B is A; or again, that some B is not A, but not that some A is not B. The relation is no longer reciprocal, but that of part and whole. Hence there is more trouble in converting these propositions, and in combining two or more of them so as to elicit the relation between the subject of one and the predicate of another, without admitting that the word "is" does not express mere identity. Moreover, it becomes a question how to mark the distinction between those propositions which are, and those which are not, simply convertible.

To meet these difficulties Sir William Hamilton invented his "New Analytic." Ordinary logic, following ordinary language, marks the extension of the subject, but not that of the predicate, and therefore divides propositions according to quantity into Universal and Particular. Sir William Hamilton proposed to mark the extension of the predicate also, which gives a fourfold division into Toto-total (All A is all B), Parti-partial (Some A is some B), Toto-partial (All A is some B), and Parti-total, (Some A is all B), with corresponding negative propositions. This done, the two latter cases are so far on a footing with the two former, that in conversion A and B simply change places, each carrying its own quantity with it; and, in general, every proposition becomes "an equation or non-equation of its subject and its predicate." Without pretending to discuss a list of eighteen "results" (some very tempting) of this "quantification of the predicate," we may say a few words on its legitimacy and its tendency as a development of the Logic of Identity.

Sir W. Hamilton's argument "against Aristotle and his repeaters" is as follows:—It is a postulate of logic to state explicitly what is thought implicitly; but the predicate has always a quantity in thought as much as the subject; therefore, in logic, the quantity of the predicate ought to be explicitly stated. The postulate is reasonable; but the doctrine "that the predicate has always a quantity (of extension) in thought as much as the subject" is opposed to authority, to language, and, we venture to maintain, to a correct analysis of thought. Without inordinate respect for Aristotle and his followers for more than two thousand years, it may be held that it was not "nonsense" (ii. 263), nor "a blunder," nor even "a marvellous oversight" of the one, nor "passive sequacity" in the others, but sound judgment, that led them to condemn explicit quantification of the predicate. Language, the delegate of thought, forbids it in all tongues, learned and vulgar. Not only must it be admitted that "the quantity of the predicate is frequently not explicitly enounced, as unnecessary," but in general, when it is supplied, the proposition becomes forced and unnatural, as in the instances given—"All rational is all risible animal," or "convertible (that is, some convertible things) are some animals, and all men." The exceptions prove the rule. Those produced are either such as—

Peter, John, James, &c., are all the Apostles—

where the word *all* is not distributive, but collective; or else such as—

Faith alone justifies.

Faith, Hope, and Charity alone justify.

On earth there is nothing great but man—

where, if "the predicate is that which we think as the determining notion," it might seem that "Faith," and "Faith, Hope, and Charity" (as opposed to each other by Protestants and Catholics), and "man" (as opposed to material things), are the predicates. At all events, subject and predicate *both* are not quantified in these or any propositions adduced; and when Sir W. Hamilton has tortured them into the form—

Faith is all justifying,

Man is all earthly great—

language, the witness under examination, still gives evidence against him. But, lastly, in trying to save his case as regards

language, Sir W. Hamilton deals well-nigh a death-blow to his analysis of thought:—

There is a necessity in all cases for thinking the predicate at least as extensive as the subject. Whether it be absolutely, that is, out of relation, more extensive, *is generally of no consequence*; and hence the common reticence of common language, which never expresses more than can be understood, which always, in fact, for the sake of brevity, strains at ellipsis. But, in fact, ordinary language quantifies the predicate *so often as this determination becomes of the slightest import*.

Why is that which is "generally of no consequence," and, with contingent (if any) exceptions, "not of the slightest import," forced into unnatural prominence in the science of the universal and necessary forms of thought? Because the theorist has laid down how men ought to think, without sufficiently observing how they do think. The complete determination of the relative extension of two concepts is not a judgment, but (if anything) two judgments. One may think, as often as Sir W. Hamilton repeats it, that "all men are rational," (or wish they were) without once speculating whether, besides men, there are other rational beings. Similarly, that "all equilateral triangles are equiangular," and that "all equiangular triangles are equilateral," are two propositions, not one. Euclid proves them separately, and keeps them separate, for separate use. And these old "aberrations of common language" (ii. 290) furnish types of thought more convenient than those of the New Analytic, in the same degree and for the same reasons which make a separate coat and waterproof preferable to a Patent Reversible Siphonia, of which the one use is for ever interfering with the other.

It is fair to state that this "quantification of the predicate" is separable from the general theory of the relations of extension—in fact Sir William Hamilton himself seems to have kept it as an esoteric doctrine, not incompatible with the retention of the old forms in his lectures. But, perhaps, the chief service rendered by the New Analytic is, that it lays bare the nakedness of a logic which tends to deal only with quantitative relations, or rather with the one quantitative relation of part and whole. By removing the comprehension, it first gives a fallacious prominence to the extension of predicates, and thence inferring the necessity of determining their quantity, it ends by reducing all propositions, (so far as "reasoning in extension" is concerned) to "equations," or rather identifications, of objects which accidentally have more than one name. Anything more supremely uninteresting than the permutations and combinations of such propositions it is difficult to conceive. Probably no human being (except, perhaps, the editors, Mr. Mansel and Mr. Veitch, whose diligence and ability deserve a better task) will ever check the calculation, "very carefully authenticated," that upon these principles there are 3072 moods of syllogism, of which 1440 are legitimate. But as each of these admits a twofold interpretation, it remains to inquire whether they are worth more as "reasonings in comprehension."

(To be continued.)

#### IRVINGIANA.\*

AMERICA does well to cherish the memory of Washington Irving. If not one of her most vigorous or original thinkers, he is one of her most graceful and humorous writers. But it is not Americans alone who revere his name and delight in his books. England also ranks him among her classics—a pupil in the school of her essayists and historians in the past, and the friend of many of her most distinguished writers in the present century.

Between the date of Irving's first publication, *Salmagundi*, in 1807, and that of his last, the *Life of Washington*, which was completed in 1859, America has produced a literature of her own, and England has renewed her literary youth. In Irving's boyhood, the daughter-country could not point to half-a-dozen writers of mark. In his old age, she could boast of such historians as Bancroft, Prescott, and Motley; of such poets as Longfellow and Bryant; of Cooper in fiction; of Emerson, and many other names in ethical and periodical literature. Within the same period the mother country has been no less fruitful. The eighteenth century saw three great English historians—the nineteenth has already produced thrice that number, any one of whom, three score years ago, would have been considered a star of the first magnitude. Byron is not the greatest poet of the nineteenth century, but he is superior to the greatest poet of the eighteenth—Alexander Pope. In science, and in social and political philosophy, there is no parity between these epochs. Science, indeed, in the hands of such writers as Sir John Herschel and Mrs. Somerville, has created a literature for itself.

To have won and to hold a good position among such competitors, especially in an age which forgets almost as readily as it applauds, is the lot of few, and marks Irving for a vigorous as well as a graceful writer—as one of whom the time had need and with whom we cannot dispense. In the half century during which his pen was at work, how many lights, once burning and shining brightly, have been dimmed, if not entirely extinguished! What poem was more famous in its hour than *Lalla Rookh*? Who reads it now? *Roderick the Goth* was once on every library table—it is now seldom taken down from the library

\* *Irvingiana; a Memorial of Washington Irving*. New York: Charles Richardson. 1860.

shelves. Much of Byron's verse has fallen into desuetude—most of Bulwer's novels are superseded. The half of Scott's writings has become a dead letter. Many whom the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviewers loved in their day have died young. It is not so with Washington Irving. We do not claim for him a place beside the greatest minds of his age. He would have thanked us little for such an assumption. Yet, like his favourite, Goldsmith, he survives, while many more powerfully built and richly laden vessels have gone down. His *Life of Columbus* is as vital as Robertson's *America*, and has long outlived Southey's *Brazil*. Time has abated little of the freshness of his *Sketch-book*, his *Bracebridge Hall*, or his *Astoria*. His *History of New York* made grave judges laugh fifty years ago, and, fickle as is the fashion of humour, it cannot now be read with unmoved muscles.

But literary excellence is not the only merit of Irving's writings. Their moral and social influence has been great and always good. It is not merely that he never penned a line which, dying, he would have wished to blot—that he never sought applause by tricks of language or extravagance of thought—that he never imported, as some English writers have done, into either his lighter or his graver works, paradoxes or prejudices from Paris or Weimar. He has never been disloyal to the classical school of England. His first love was given to Chaucer and Spenser—his second to the wits and poets who illustrated the eighteenth century. His acquaintance with the modern literature of Europe was considerable, but it never led him astray from his allegiance to Shakespeare and Milton. And he did more than this, perhaps unconsciously, but, without doubt, effectively. No one in his generation laboured more effectually than Irving to reconcile the mind of the old country with the mind of the new. At the date of his earlier writings, England and America were on such terms as divide and cause houses to fall. They were jealous of each other, angry with each other—the elder member of the family accounting the younger a graceless and impertinent upstart; the younger regarding the elder as a peevish beldame, proud of heart and vixenish in temper. The *Quarterly Review*, for nearly thirty years after its commencement, rarely afforded a civil word to America. It is to Southey's honour that, Tory as he was in most respects, he uniformly protested against this uncharitable dealing. America, said Gifford and his train-band, has no Established Church, no army which a true soldier could review without inextinguishable laughter, no Magna Charta, no gentlemen, no ladies, no single element of national unity or greatness. She is one vast shop, if not, indeed, one huge gambling house, in which every man is seeking to enrich himself and to beggar his neighbour. If a traveller told the world that all was not barren between the Transatlantic Dan and Beersheba, he was singled out for abuse—he was a demagogue, an atheist, a fool, a dupe, a Sir John Mandeville; but if any one returned from the United States with a book written in the temper of Dr. Smellfungus, sniffing at American manners, and snarling at American institutions, him the *Quarterly* guide and philosopher hailed with bravos, and bade sit at his right hand. We have become, since that time, better instructed and more tolerant. We listen as willingly to a candid and well-informed observer, like Sir Charles Lyell, as to Mr. Dickens's or Mrs. Trollope's hasty "Notes." We admit that, if an American should come to Britain in quest of vice or folly, he will find them both in town and country. We, too, have our "wind-bags" in the Senate, and our coxcombs in the pulpit—have those who hasten to be rich, and those who hurry to poverty among us. *Præbimus crura sagittis*. Irving was one of the first who helped England and America to reconciliation. His writings, from the outset, were void of gall and bitterness; they were palpably formed on our best models, and so gratified our vanity; they abounded in charming pictures of our life and manners, and therefore soothed our jealousy. Travellers had averred that out of America no gentleman could come; but here was a most presentable gentleman at whose approach every door was opened—moreover, a modest, quiet gentleman, who excited no rivalry by the brilliancy of his conversation, for he was a silent man, but who conciliated all who approached him by his demeanour and courtesy. His works confirmed the influence of his presence. Like good conversation, they made no undue demands on the attention, while they attracted readers by a variety of topics, touched upon but not exhausted, and by the always well-chosen and often highly picturesque words in which those topics were presented. America had sent us, in return for favours received, an Addison not requiring a bottle of Burgundy to loosen his tongue, a Goldsmith who neither talked like Poor Poll nor flaunted in peach-coloured coats.

Seldom has the current of a life—a literary life especially—run more smoothly than Irving's. Seldom can the retrospect of duties fulfilled or of work done have been more satisfactory. He was born in the state to which the wise man aspired. His family had neither poverty nor riches. His home was a happy one; his school education the best the times afforded; his brothers, who were several years older than himself, occupied themselves with literature and fostered his natural taste for it. He had the good fortune early to fall in with a stock of the best English authors, who wrote under the "great Anna," or the greater Elizabeth. His schoolmaster seems to have judiciously left the young Washington very much to himself, guiding, but not driving, him along the road of learning. He was innocent

of Greek, and had but little Latin, but the loss of them was made up to him abundantly, at first by his familiarity with English classics, and afterwards by his acquirements in different European languages. He was early "dipped in ink," his literary productions dating from his nineteenth year. They were a series of essays on the theatrical performances and manners of New York, and were written under the signature of "Jonathan Oldstyle," for a newspaper entitled the *Morning Chronicle*, then edited by his brother, Dr. Peter Irving. This was a proper prelude to the *Sketch-Book*. As yet, however, his vocation to literature was not decided. He was very near becoming a painter. In 1804 he visited the south of Europe, some pulmonary symptoms having made it advisable for him to shun the extremes of his native climate. At Rome he became the friend of Washington Alston, who, with the enthusiasm of an artist, prompted his young countryman to take up his abode with him, and wield the brush and palette instead of the pen and ink-horn. For a few days the vision of artist-life pleased him; "but fears and doubts," he says himself, gradually clouded the prospect, and after an absence of two years, he returned to New York and became an attorney-at-law. Law, however, neither helped nor harmed Irving, for he never drew or held a brief.

In his twenty-fourth year (1807), Irving entered into literary copartnership with his brother William and Mr. Paulding, and amused or admonished "the Town"—as the public used to be called—with *Salmagundi*; or, *the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff, Esq.* Here was a second graft from the British essayists. The piquant gossip of the time has become amusing history now; and *Salmagundi* is still read with interest on the other side of the Atlantic. But the humour is too local for transplantation, and these papers could not strike root in England. His next work, however, although perhaps Americans alone can fully enter into its humour, was by no means unpalatable in Britain. Of *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, Sir Walter Scott wrote in the following terms, in 1813:—"Accept my best thanks for the uncommon degree of entertainment which I have received from the most excellent jocose history of New York. I am sensible that as a stranger to American parties and politics, I must lose much of the concealed satire of the piece; but I must own that looking at the obvious meaning only, I have never read anything so closely resembling the style of Dean Swift as the annals of Diedrich Knickerbocker." How Scott welcomed the author of the work he thus applauded, at Abbotsford, a few years later, is chronicled in the *Crayon Miscellany*, and in Lockhart's *Biography*. These venacious annals took in for a time some persons even in America, and drew upon Irving most undeserved and very absurd censure from the Historical Society of New York. These sapient censors were, it seems, of opinion, with Martinus Scriblerus, that he who makes a jest of antiquity is no better than Ham, the father of Canaan. But it was in critical Germany, where men are so prone to discover that "Garths do not write their own dispensaries," that the unintended mystification was most complete. Goeller, the editor of Thucydides, cites from this authentic narrative a passage in illustration of the Greek historian, "Adde locum Washingtonis Irvingii *Hist. Novi Eboraci*, Lib. vii., cap. 5." The book merited the praise of Scott. The style is excellent; the descriptions of nature and manners are happy, whether serious or humorous; and even the satire is, much of it, of that general kind which admits of transplantation.

In 1816—a year memorable for its commercial revulsions—good, as it often happens, under the guise of ill, befel Irving. The mercantile house with which he was now connected failed, and he was thrown upon his own resources for a livelihood. He accepted his altered fortunes cheerfully. He repaired to London. He studied English life where its features are best seen—in places remote from the social uniformity of the capital—and in 1819 published the first number of the *Sketch-Book* at New York, and the two volumes, so familiar to our eyes, at London, in 1820. *Bracebridge Hall* was written rapidly, and appeared in the following year; and in 1823 was succeeded by *Tales of a Traveller*, which, though it contained some excellent papers, was less successful—and, indeed, less deserving of success—than its two predecessors. Both in London and Paris Irving was now a "lion," though, it appears, a very somnolent one at feeding-time, for it was often, if not always, his custom of an afternoon to sleep when beards were wagging at table. We suspect that his slumbers, like those of Lord North, permitted of a good deal of both hearing and marking his "commensals."

The United States of the New World, like those of the Old, have some customs which the parent country might perhaps imitate with advantage. Holland in the seventeenth, like America in the nineteenth century, selected for its residents and representatives at foreign Courts persons eminent for their services to learning and literature. Neither of these great Republics thought that men are fit for ambassadors merely because of the length of their sheep-skins or their purses. The Lucys are an "ancient house," but they are not meet for all employments. In 1820 Irving was appointed Secretary of Legation to the American Embassy at London, and in 1842, Minister to Spain, an office which he occupied for the next four years. The latter appointment was an acknowledgment of the credit reflected on his country and himself by his *History of Columbus*, which he published in 1828, adding thereby to the nascent literature of America volumes worthy to rank beside those of Robertson,



Prescott, and Helps. He had passed from fiction to facts at the instigation, or at least through the intervention, of Alexander H. Everett, then Minister to Spain. Navarrete, about that time, had been collecting and publishing a series of important documents relating to Columbus, and Irving was invited to Madrid for the purpose of translating them. For a translation he substituted an original work, to which the *Voyages and Discoveries of the Companions of Columbus* became in due time a supplement, and for which one of the fifty-guinea gold medals provided by George IV. for eminence in historical writing was awarded him. Irving's fellow "medalist" on this occasion was no less an historian than the late Henry Hallam. His residence in Spain yielded more fruit—viz., the *Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada*, the *Alhambra*, or the *New Sketch-Book*, and the *Legends of the Conquests of Spain*. The series of the Spanish and Moorish subjects treated by Irving was completed by his *Life of Mahomet and his Successors* (1849-50). The latter is perhaps the least happy of Irving's undertakings. He has not added materially to Gibbon's splendid sketch of the Arabian legislator, and seems not to have been sufficiently aware of the apocryphal character of many of his vouchers.

*Astoria* and the *Life of Washington* are the last productions of Irving's fertile pen which we need mention, although they by no means complete the list of his writings. The former exhibits much of the pictorial power of Defoe, but without any of Defoe's predilection for rendering fact ancillary to fiction. Irving was attracted to the subject by an early fondness for the stories of the trappers and voyageurs of the West, among whom he had been thrown in his youth, and by his friendship with the projector of the *Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains*—the second title of his book—the late Mr. John Jacob Astor. He has accurately described in the following words the scope of this interesting narrative:—

The work I here present to the public is necessarily of a rambling and somewhat disjointed nature, comprising various expeditions and adventures by land and sea. The facts, however, will prove to be linked and banded together by one great scheme, derived and conducted by a master-spirit. One set of characters, also, continues throughout, appearing occasionally, though sometimes at long intervals, and the whole enterprise winds up with a regular catastrophe; so that the work, without any laboured attempt at artificial construction, actually possesses much of that variety so much sought after in works of fiction, and considered so important to the interest of every history.

When Irving was but five years old, Washington had "laid his hand upon the child's head and blessed him"—"a blessing" which the receiver of it believed "had attended him through life." To write a *Life of Washington* was "an idea which entered early into his mind." He looked forward to it, though long postponed, as "to the crowning effort of his literary career." He lived long enough to complete his project, although he was more than threescore and ten years old when the first of five volumes was published. If the narrative bear some tokens of senescence, it also exhibits many of the best gifts of years and "old experience." The style of it is simple; the sentiments are untinted by prejudice; and the hero of it appears in Irving's pages as he was in life, a soldier, statesman, and patriot, second to none, and superior to most of the worthies "in ancient or in modern books enrolled."

The general felicity which had marked Irving's manhood attended him to the close of life. In a retreat which he had singled out nearly half a century before it became his own—Sunnyside, on the banks of the Hudson—tended by kindred, and surrounded by friends who loved and revered him, honoured by the great nation whom he had honoured by his writings, having fulfilled every duty, having gratified every wish, and exempt at the last from many of the sufferings incident to long life, Washington Irving drew his last breath on the 28th of November, 1859.

#### ENGLISH PURITANISM AND ITS LEADERS.\*

THE four names which appear upon the title-page of this volume as most typically representative of English Puritanism have, in recent years, already yielded much matter to essayists and historians. Cromwell has found his brilliant sketchers in Forster and Guizot, and his great portrait-painter in Carlyle. Milton is in the untiring hands of Professor Masson. Baxter and Bunyan are drawn in the well-balanced outlines of Stephen and Macaulay. It might have been thought that ground so pre-occupied would scarcely bear a second crop that should repay the labour expended on its production. No special fact appears to have been rescued from obscurity by Principal Tulloch which had escaped the research of earlier biographers; nor is there any peculiar or essential novelty in the judgment passed by him upon the characters of those whose lives he reviews. Yet it would be ungracious and unjust to say that his sketches have no freshness or value of their own. Without professing to give anything like a history of Puritanism, they open out very suggestive side-glances (to use the modest and happy phrase of the author's preface,) into that wide and remarkable field. They are composed with the main object of bringing forward in clear and forcible relief that unity of feeling and purpose which pervaded the diverse and often superficially contrary currents in which the great stream of English Puritanism flowed. There are many other lives which might have been selected as

equally displaying the actions and tendencies of the Puritan character. But the writer has probably chosen wisely in bringing forward as his types of that character personages of the most familiar historical notoriety. And there is variety enough in personal circumstances, as well as in the accessory details of individuality, in the four subjects which he has chosen for portraiture, to render the impression of their internal unity of aim at once more striking and more irresistible. This little book could not have been satisfactorily written before the letters and speeches of Cromwell were collected and pieced together by Carlyle. Till that searching and convincing stream of light which reflects itself from a mass of documents spreading through a lifelong career had been flashed upon the character of the great Puritan soldier, the readers of Principal Tulloch's volume might hardly have been prepared to acknowledge implicitly either the truth of his likeness of Cromwell, or the justice of elevating him as a high and comprehensive type of the earnestness of Puritanism. As long as it was possible to believe that Cromwell was at bottom a fanatical and worldly hypocrite, or that the mainspring of his policy lay in a far-sighted and sagacious but unscrupulous and unswerving ambition, the moral of an essay in which he should stand alongside of Milton, Baxter, and Bunyan must have halted either in completeness or perspicuity. To those who accept that theory of the character of the Lord Protector which Guizot has drawn up in the spirit of compromise, this attempt to estimate him as one of the true Puritan paladins will be still in some degree unprofitable and contradictory.

The first and ruling idea of these men's lives is, to Principal Tulloch, best expressed in the words of their great poet's familiar sonnet, that they felt and worked

As ever in their Great Taskmaster's eye.

Not that this continued consciousness and responsibility is understood by him to constitute the whole of the Puritan habit of mind. But it was the necessary substratum of all Puritan thought and action. It is only by assuming the constant and working conviction of his being the chosen instrument of that great taskmaster that we can reconcile the complexities of Cromwell's character. Regarded from any other point of view, he is, as Dr. Tulloch allows, an antithetical mass of inconsistencies—"great, and yet base—religious, and yet a hypocrite—a demagogue, and yet a despot—a dissembler, and yet a trifier—a man of vast and imperial schemes, and yet a man of low and paltry interests." Looked at from this point of view, he is, from the moment when he told Hampden that it was necessary to encounter the Cavalier army of gentlemen with men who would be upheld by a deeper spirit than that of mere honour, to his last public words at the dissolution of his second Parliament, still working faithfully, though darkly, inexorably, and sometimes confusedly, towards one cherished object and ideal. By this light alone is it possible rightly to understand and to feel the bearings of that speech of his which so puzzled Cardinal de Retz—"One never mounted so high as when one did not know where one was going." It was this overbearing sense of a direct and constant responsibility, irrespective of merely temporal consequences, which enabled Cromwell sincerely to express himself in such terms as made the worldly French statesman mistake him for an incomprehensible fool.

The same unbroken seriousness of mind, reacting upon his practice, is visible in every word and act of the great Puritan poet who, on reaching the age of twenty-three, wrote the sonnet from which comes the line quoted above. Dr. Tulloch takes him as the almost idealized type of the intellectual temper of the Puritan spirit, of which the distinguishing principle was the solemn purpose of realizing a divine ideal in all things:—

He never outlived the dream of moulding both the Church and society around him into an authoritative model of the divine. In all his works he is aiming at this. He is seeking to bring down heaven to earth in some arbitrary and definite shape. If there is anything more than another that marks his mode of thought, it is this lofty theorizing which applies its own generalizations with a confident hand to all the circumstances of life, and, holding forth its own conceptions, seeks everywhere in history and Scripture for arguments to support them, and to crush out of sight everything opposed to them. Even when he is least Puritan, in the limited doctrinal sense of the word—as in his writings on divorce—he is eminently Puritan in spirit. Whatever may be his special opinions, he is everywhere a dogmatic idealist—not merely an interpreter and learner of the divine—but one who, believing himself confidently to be in possession of it, does not hesitate to carry out his ideas into action, and square life according to them. The varying and expansive character of his opinions does not in the least affect the unity of his spirit.

That practical absoluteness of faith in his own purpose, and in the judgment to which the workings of his spirit led him, which is so conspicuous in Cromwell, is thus paralleled in the intellectual temper of Milton. A similar confident and positive earnestness is to be noted in Baxter, tending equally to throw the same colour of "dogmatic idealism" over his view of life and its duties. Baxter's habit of mind might be called essentially eliminative. Whatever did not square with his own fixed theory of spiritual morality was ruthlessly and necessarily to be rooted out of the nature of the saint upon earth by stern and almost mechanical training. The catalogue of details discussed in his *Christian Directory* points to the straitly bounded analytical tone of his argumentative theology, though perhaps not more forcibly than the very conception of such a work does in itself. After discussing "thirty tongue-sins and twenty questions for the conviction of

\* *English Puritanism and its Leaders*. By Principal Tulloch. Blackwood, 1861.

drunkards—eighteen necessary qualifications of lawful recreation—eighteen sorts that are sinful—and twelve convincing questions to those who plead for such pastimes—thirty-six questions about contracts—twenty about buying and selling—sixteen respecting theft—and one hundred and seventy-four about matters ecclesiastical—he laments that his catalogue is not properly exhaustive by reason of the scantiness of his casuistical library. The unbending strictness of his conscience and sympathies showed itself in his inability to recognise the width or honesty of Cromwell's anxiety for national liberty of conscience. Nor was he competent to measure Cromwell generally by any standard except that by which he measured himself. He was honestly bent upon preaching down and arguing down the Lord Protector concerning his political backslidings, and only desisted with reluctance on being forced to confess by experience that Cromwell was a man who would learn from himself alone. Baxter's own persecutions after the Restoration may perhaps have taught him to value the sincerity and tolerance of Cromwell more highly.

The gradual tide of disuse has swept over the mass of Baxter's theological works. Familiar as his name is, there are but few modern readers who know him through more than one or two of his religious treatises. The spiritual atmosphere of every age is in some sense or other modified from that of the preceding, and demands a different sustenance for its needs and a different shade of light in the solution of its difficulties. The peculiar tones of argument and exhortation which were most popular and persuasive to the peculiarly trained ear and spirit of a Puritan age, would be felt by many listeners now-a-days to be narrow and unreal. The prose writings of Milton himself, theological and political, have never been enabled by their greatness of thought or style to accomplish a wide popularity. Bunyan's controversial treatises would have won no immortality for the gifted preaching tinker. It is to the clear and definite vision of the imagination shadowed forth in the Puritan epic and the Puritan allegory that Milton and Bunyan owe their permanent hold upon the feelings of succeeding generations. Of both it might almost be said, and certainly of Bunyan, that they, too, never mounted so high as when they did not know where they were going. It was not until his public and political career was closed by the Restoration that Milton seriously undertook the composition of the great work which is now the first thought ever called up by his name. It was not until Bunyan was suffering imprisonment as a convicted and stubborn Nonconformist, and was in constant legal jeopardy of banishment or even hanging, for continuing by the connivance of his jailer still to hazard the preaching of an occasional sermon, that he began to paint the wonderful series of spiritual pictures which have since become household words through the breadth of the land. Even then it was a secondary and incidental strain of thought which determined the creation of Bunyan's religious allegories. The vivid illustrations which he was using for the ornament of some didactic or doctrinal treatise overlaid their subject as he went on, with such profuseness that he felt it better to give them a compact form and life of their own. What the particular treatise may have been to the meditation of which we thus primarily owe the *Pilgrim's Progress*, is a doubtful matter for curious inquiry. But in truth the allegory was already in Bunyan's heart, only waiting to be written. He had himself lived through, and seen others live through, most of the phases of spiritual struggle which form its staple. He had wrestled for himself and others with Apollyon, and waded alone and in company through the Slough of Despond, with a painful earnestness and vivid sense of reality which stamped his words with a terrible truth. In support of the grand Biblical imagery which he drew from the one or chief book in which he was learned, Bunyan employed a reserve, also drawn from his own experiences, of the most powerful realistic simplicity in the delineation of character. It is the grace and variety of the individual impersonations that render the most fastidious reader able to study the *Pilgrim's Progress* with even a purely secular pleasure again and again. But the characters, though true and varied, are all within a limited sphere. They are all types or antitypes of Puritanism, and are all judged accordingly. The solemn intensity of the spiritual life led or understood by the true Puritans made it difficult for them to comprehend in a charitable hope those whose views of life, as manifested in outward habits, differed widely from their own. It seemed to them to follow logically, that if they were virtuous there ought to be no more cakes and ale. Yet there is much that might be said, on behalf even of the originals of some among Bunyan's portraits of the reprobate enemies of the faithful pilgrims. There is not, in real life, an absolute annihilation of goodness among the mixed characters of Vanity Fair.

#### GERMAN LITERATURE.

A GREAT deal of excitement has more than once been produced of recent years in England by publications containing some of the results of German thought. A little more acquaintance with the most advanced pioneers of German thought would make us more callous to the innovations of their English representatives; just as the Russian cares little for a blast from Siberia after he has taken his snow bath. If any theological student thinks that he requires this sort of shock, we would suggest a plunge into the lucubrations of M. Adolf Bastian. The book is

termed *Man in History*.\* It is an exceedingly learned work, if that term can be applied to an enormous mass of undigested reading; but what it is precisely intended to prove is not very easy to discover. The motive of the book, however, is more apparent. Throughout an unconnected pile of theories, facts, and quotations, one subject crops out incessantly, and that is the author's view of the general noxiousness of all religion. He acknowledges that his doctrines have something of novelty in them, and he fears that he shall make little impression on those who have grown up in the old beliefs. But still he is quite convinced of their ultimate victory. There is, at all events, this that is satisfactory in them—that when we shall have accepted them, it will be impossible for any one else to ask us to move yet a step further. There is nothing beyond his position to which the most resolute innovator could press. He disbelieves in all religious ideas in the most complete and absolute sense. He does not, like Strauss, retain the profession of Christianity, applying only a very novel interpretation to the word; nor does he believe in Pantheism, or any other form of Theism. If he is asked to choose among religions, he decidedly prefers Buddhism. He looks on Christianity as a religion that sprung from a period of decay, and that bears in its structure the marks of its origin. But his main object is to discredit the whole theory of the supernatural altogether. He accumulates whole pages of bitter epigrams, spiteful anecdotes, damaging comparisons between various forms of religion and superstition, in order to show how irrational and ridiculous is the belief in anything unseen. He is not satisfied with Lucretius' line—

Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.

He insists that it is religion *alone* that can persuade to such crimes. Religious emotions he looks upon with equal contempt. Man needs no such thing as the comforts of religion, which, when their lying hopes are unmasked, will only react by driving him to despair. The author has other and surer consolations in store for the unhappy. "The certainty of the last and universal harmony is the most exalted and the most inviolable consolation for the unhappy man who feels sorrows breaking in upon him to which he does not feel himself in a condition to oppose either remedy or resistance. He knows that he lives in a harmonious Kosmos, where, in the end, everything must harmoniously fulfil itself." We should like to see him trying his recipe for consolation in a hospital for incurables. Nor does he compromise matters, as some do, by abandoning religion and clinging to morality. Morality is dismissed in terms equally contemptuous. There is no absolute standard of it, for it differs all the world over. Ordinary honesty is only a want of courage produced by the softness of civilization. "Those vainglorious phantasies of the ideas of the Good, the Beautiful, and the True, those charlatanish and generally interested eulogies of virtue, they fall to pieces like empty soap-bubbles, they burst in the atmosphere of science." Accordingly, he would have education abandon these empty follies. It is of no use to teach men that they should be good either for love of virtue or to merit a future reward. Such notions are purely subjective. They presuppose independence and freewill. They have arisen from the conditions of thought and the necessities of language. But, looked at objectively, man is in very truth nothing but one of nature's many products on the earth, and he must grow and develop himself, according to the "universal law of unison, in the harmonious rhythm which pervades the Kosmos." This comforting doctrine is to be applied in education as the motive for good. "We are to act well, not because some religious philosophical idea-circle wills it, but because our nature demands it, because in acting well we fulfil ourselves harmoniously." "Do not teach man to be good because it is pious, or because it is useful, or because it is sensible; teach him to feel and to recognise, with the cogent constraint of self-consciousness, that it is only in good that the normal condition of health exists, that in it alone can act the organic law of the development of eternal harmony in which his being has to fulfil itself." Armed with this powerful incentive, he feels no apprehension that there will be any difficulty in checking vices or crimes. If these exist at all, it is the fault of rulers. "Under suitable institutions there will be neither criminals nor vicious men; for it is far more natural and more pleasant to follow the precepts of virtue than to wander with repressed fury in the ways of vice." "Man never acts ill when he can act well. . . . What he does is always that which he can do, and since his spirit ever strives to fulfil itself in harmonious balance, he can by nature only will that which is good." It is hard that the author never thinks of extending the benefit of this doctrine to the unlucky rulers who are accused of being the origin of all human crime. But it amounts to a phenomenon that a man who has travelled much, read enormously, and can reason with considerable force, should have persuaded himself into such theories. They are a splendid illustration of the value of the *a priori* method as applied to religious questions.

A Berlin physician, who does not give his name, has published a sensible pamphlet on the two lines of inquiry which the thinkers of his country follow. There are the Transcendentalists—the

\* *Der Mensch in der Geschichte. Zur Begründung einer Psychologischen Weltanschauung.* Von A. Bastian. Leipzig: Wiegand. London: Williams and Norgate, 1860.

† *Naturforschung und Humanität.* Versöhnungswort und Parteistimme eines Mediciners. Berlin: Asher, 1861.



descendants of the schoolmen, who work out everything human and divine from their own internal consciousness; and there are the Materialists—the children of the newer sciences, who will take nothing which is not established by evidence or observation. As a physician, the author obviously leans to the latter, and his pamphlet is only one among a thousand satisfactory indications that the chase after intuitive knowledge, which since the time of Hegel has squandered so much thought and labour, has now lost nearly all its popularity. The author before us proposes, as a condition of truce between the two hostile camps, that the “Apriorist” and the Experimentalist should cease to argue in language which is mutually unintelligible, but should be content to admit that each other’s brains are differently formed. Perhaps this is the best solution. If Hegel, or Schelling, or Mr. Francis Newman, or their disciples, are pleased to assert that they are in possession of a private revelation which furnishes them with a great number of important facts without the trouble of finding them out from external sources, it would be unpolite, and quite unwarranted, to deny the fact. But then they must be equally content to leave in peace those who profess that they are not so blest. It would clearly be an Irish proceeding for them to assure their neighbour that he, too, has a revelation of all truth in his inmost soul, and then to proceed to inform him what it is. The author’s nomenclature is unfortunate in giving to the two parties the names of Realist and Idealist. It is a common phraseology, but it is apt to make a confusion with the Realist and Nominalist of the Middle Ages. The two sorts of Realist are so far from being identical that they are almost contradictory of each other. The work is suitably closed by a chapter on the author’s own special department, tracing how “ontology”—i.e., the habit of deducing facts from a foregone theory instead of waiting patiently to find them out—has haunted and marred medical science from the time of Aristotle to a very recent period.

Another part of the new edition of Böhlinger’s history of the Early Church\* has come out. It takes the form of a series of biographies, which is as apt a form as could be selected for the arrangement of historical events which cluster almost entirely round the lives of a few great men. This work is confined to the first three centuries; and during that time Christianity had scarcely any other history than that of its most prominent confessors. The present volume contains the lives of Justin and Irenæus. The works of each are analysed in great detail, and the position they occupied in the progressive development of Christian modes of thought defined with great care. There is no strong tinge about the author’s views that disqualifies him from performing such a work as this with impartiality. He does not conceal the intellectual shortcomings of these early heroes of the Christian struggle; but he appreciates their moral grandeur, and judges them in a kindly spirit. The book certainly fills a void, for it throws the individual figures into more striking relief than a history of either events or opinions can do; and at the same time it is more exhaustive than an ordinary biography.

We noticed last month the commencement of an edition of the principal ancient sources of Prussian history. We have now before us† a more modest, but almost as laborious, an undertaking with reference to Danish history. It does not profess to print the works of which it treats, for that, in most cases, has already been done by Ludewig and Langebek. But they have not been subjected to any critical examination; and in the large collections which these laborious compilers have issued, the reliable and the untrustworthy, the original and the derivative, are printed indiscriminately together. There is nothing to guide a student in his search through them, or to warn him against staking his credit or wasting his time upon records of inferior authority. Dr. Usinger has therefore undertaken the task of relieving him of this labour. He gives a critical notice of each of the authorities, indicating their value and nature, and the extent to which, in each case, they drew upon any other in the list. The labour of making this minute examination must have been considerable, though the book which is the result of it is very small. It can hardly fail to be of great use, though of course no one can judge of its exact merit who has not verified it by actual comparison. The list does not extend beyond the fourteenth century.

Humboldt was one of the class of great men who courted publicity little, and whose greatness will therefore live and grow when their published works are falling into oblivion. Like Johnson, quite as much of his power was displayed in letters and conversation as in the books which he gave to the world. We trust that an anonymous *Young Friend*‡ is only the first of a series of Boswells, who will preserve for posterity Humboldt’s instructive reflections on passing events and the men of his day. This book extends from the year 1847 to 1856; and, though slight in bulk, contains a valuable and judicious selection of the great philosopher’s maxims and opinions. To escape the imputation of using his friend’s name to gain notoriety for himself, the author has concealed his own, and therefore both the correspondence and conversations are destitute of the local and per-

sonal colour that might have given them a greater biographical interest. But still the familiar unrestrained talk of the old man is full of interest—his recollections of Niebuhr and Stein, his judgments of Ranke and Lamartine, his stern indignation against Louis Napoleon, and his half-spiteful anecdotes of the late King of Hanover. One of the conversations gives a curious picture of the amount of work which the old man contrived to despatch when he was already between eighty and ninety years of age:—

He then unrolled to me a picture of that marvellous, and in its kind certainly unique, activity of his great age—an activity extraordinary in itself, and which appears still more extraordinary if one remembers that shortly before Humboldt’s great American journey the physicians despaired of his life. “I work,” he said, “almost uninterruptedly till three in the morning. Then I sleep perhaps four hours. I could sleep longer—ten or twelve hours—and have tried it; but I gave it up, because I found that I obtained no greater refreshment in that way. . . . In our writing, reading Germany,” he proceeded, “a man like me has the misfortune to be looked upon as a kind of wonder and curiosity. All press in upon me as if I were the solitary representative of science. When I lived elsewhere—in Paris, for instance—where the interest spreads itself over a greater number of individuals, matters were very different. Then there is my position at Court in addition, so that I receive letters, not only from men of science, but from people of every kind—aspiring poets, milliners, conductresses of benevolent institutions, who bring me bits of work to sell to the Royal Family, or beg for subscriptions or countenance, and countless things of the same kind. My scientific correspondence, too, is always on the increase. Germany, Italy, France, England, America, throw themselves upon me with a veritable bombardment of letters. I receive at present, on the average, every year, three thousand letters, and answer about two thousand. My expenses for postage come to from five to six hundred thalers (75*l.*—90*l.*) Yet I have never been able to resolve upon taking a secretary.

The German press is busying itself, too, with the memory of another great man recently departed—narrower, perhaps, in his intellectual scope, but even more deeply revered by those to whom he was known. Bunsen has been treated with even more harshness by the religious world—perhaps because he differed with them less. He has scarcely been dead six months, and yet a fierce religious battle has already been fought over his grave. It is idle to hope, therefore, for the present, that his purely intellectual merits will receive adequate attention. As with Origen of old, the world is bent upon the profitable task of determining to its own satisfaction his probabilities of salvation. But for this unfortunate bias, the *Eloge*\* pronounced by Professor Gelzer would be both worthy of its subject and interesting beyond the narrow arena of controversial disputation. The Professor does his best to adhere to the promise of his title-page, and to picture Bunsen in his secular as well as his spiritual aspect. But he is the editor of a religious newspaper, and therefore only too well inured in the art of making controversial capital of passing men and things. The speech is not an attempt to give the world any information about Bunsen, but merely to improve Bunsen to our edification. Sermons in sheep’s clothing are seldom an attractive species of literature, and we cannot recommend this specimen of the class.

*J. Haydn in London* is a brief, and therefore not the less readable, account of Haydn’s sojourn in the country where he first met with a due appreciation.† It is slight and popular, abstaining from any of the minute controversies in which biographers delight, dwelling mostly upon his quarrels and rivalries in London, both with the Italian musicians, whose vested monopoly he was disturbing, and with his own pupil, Pleyel. Though London brought him fame and fortune, he does not seem, from the letters that are printed in this little book, to have liked it any the better on that account. The climate tried him terribly, and he complains constantly of what he called the “English rheumatism.” He suffered from another plague, which his comrades in art have since fully avenged on the natives of the land. He found that the noise in the streets was so disturbing, and especially the street cries, that musical composition was almost impossible. His popularity in England was enormous, and his pecuniary gains equally large, but they could not reconcile him to these drawbacks. His first stay in England, successful as it was, did not exceed two years; and it was with difficulty he prevailed on himself to stay even so long. His last performance in England was a homicide of a curious kind:—

At this concert there was an English clergyman, who, when he heard my *Andante* in G, sank into the deepest melancholy, because the night before he had dreamed that such an *Andante* would be the warning to him of death. He immediately left the company, went to bed, and to-day [a month later] I have heard that this evangelical clergyman is dead.

A new German periodical of some spirit as well as learning has appeared under the editorship of Dr. Heidenheim, and indeed at present seems to owe its existence mainly to his pen.‡ Its object is to keep before German readers the results of English theological inquiry. Dr. Heidenheim does not appear to value those results very highly, but he thinks that his countrymen rate them even lower than their merits. The first number contains some investigations into the Phœnician relics of the British Museum, and some disquisitions upon the Samaritans, which appear to have no special connexion with England. The reviews, however, bear upon us more closely.

\* *Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen*. Durch Friedrich Böhlinger. Zurich: Meyer. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *Die Dänischen Annalen und Chroniken des Mittel-Alters*. Kritisch untersucht von Dr. Rudolf Usinger. Hannover: Hahn. London: Nutt. 1861.

‡ *Briefwechsel und Gespräche Alexander von Humboldts mit einem Junge Freunde*. Berlin: Duncker. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

\* *Bunsen als Staatsmann und Schriftsteller*. Eine Gedächtnissrede von Dr. H. Gelzer. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

† *J. Haydn in London, 1791—1792*. Von Th. G. von Narajan. Wien: Gerold. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

‡ *Deutsche Viertel-Jahresschrift für Englisch-theologische Forschung und Kritik*. Herausgegeben von Dr. Heidenheim in London. No. 1. Gotha: Perthes. London: Williams and Norgate. 1861.

## ADVERTISEMENTS.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL, Tuesday Evening, May 28th.**—**M. OLE BULL** has the honour to announce that he will give a **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** on the above date, when he will be supported by several artists of eminence. Conductor, **M. BENEDICT**. Tickets 3s., 2s., and 1s. each, at St. James's Hall.

**MUSICAL UNION.**—Tuesday, May 21st, at Half-past Three. —**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—Quartet, No. 1.—Mozart; Duet, Piano and Violoncello.—Mendelssohn; Quartet, No. 2.—Beethoven; Solos, Violin, and Pianoforte. Artists.—Violoncello (last time this season), **Ries**, K. Blagrove, and **Platt**; pianist, **Hallé**. Tickets for Visitors, Half-a-Guinea each, to be had of Cramer, Chappell, Oliver, and Ashdown and Parry, 18, Hanover-square.

J. ELLA, Director.

**ALBONI, WIENIAWSKI, CHAS. HALLE, TENNANT.** **LIDEL, &c.**, will appear at **St. James's Hall** on Tuesday next, May 21st, in **ST. JAMES'S HALL**. For full particulars, see Programme. Seats, 10s. 6d.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Balcony, 2s.; Unreserved Seats, 1s. Tickets at Chappell and Co.'s, 56, New Bond-street; Cramer and Co.'s, and Hammond's, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 45, Cheapside; and at the Hall, 25, Piccadilly.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—**M. BENEDICT** begs to announce that his **ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT** will take place, on June 24th, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and H.M. the Duchess of Cambridge. The Programme on the same scale of former years, on which occasion, among other works, will be performed **M. Benedict's New Lyric Legend**, entitled **UNDINE**. Full details will be duly announced. Stalls, One Guinea each, for which early application is requested, to be had of **M. Benedict**, 2, Manchester-square, W.

**GREAT ATTRACTION.—ONE NIGHT ONLY.**—**ALBONI, FORMES, Ole Bull, Chappell, Hallé, Catherine Hayes, Louise Vining, Lascelles, Stabach, Alberto Laner, Emily Spiller, Signor and Madame Ferrari, &c.** at **ST. JAMES'S HALL**. On Monday Evening next, May 20th, in **EXETER HALL**. To commence at Eight o'clock precisely. Stalls, numbered and reserved, 7s.; Reserved Area, 5s.; Area, 3s.; Orchestra, 2s.; Back of Area and Gallery, 1s. Tickets at Chappell and Co.'s, 56, New Bond-street; Cramer and Co.'s, and Hammond's, Regent-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co.'s, 45, Cheapside; and at Austin's Ticket-office, 25, Piccadilly.

**HER MAJESTY'S CONCERT-ROOM, ATTACHED TO HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.** **THE ORIGINAL CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS** Every Evening at Eight o'clock, and a **GRAND MORNING PERFORMANCE** Every Saturday at Three. Entrance from the Grand Staircase of Her Majesty's Theatre.

**MR. FRED. PENNA.—EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.**—"THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF SONG." Mr. Fred. Penna begs to announce that he will give his New and Popular Entertainment, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, at Eight o'clock. A Morning Performance every Saturday at Three. Pianoforte, Made, Penna. Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Box-office open daily from Eleven till Five.

**EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—ELECTRO-BIOLOGY AND PHRENOLOGY.**—Professor G. W. STONE (from America) will continue for a few weeks his highly amusing and instructive **ENTERTAINMENT**, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday Evenings, at Half-past Eight. Upon each occasion a great variety of the most astonishing, amusing, and extraordinary Phenomena will be exhibited upon persons in a perfectly wakeful state, who, while under the influence of Animal Magnetism, will be made to sing, speak, dance—to whom water will be made to appear like brandy, vinegar, honey, wormwood, &c. &c. These experiments will be made upon persons coming voluntarily from among the audience, and entire strangers to Professor Stone. Previous to the experiments each night, "Phrenological Examinations" will be made. Admission—Stalls, 2s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. N.B.—Phrenological Examinations, with written delineations of character, may be obtained daily, from One to Five, at No. 18, Cork-street, Bond-street, W.

**SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.**—THE FIFTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, PALL MALL EAST (Close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk. Admission, One Shilling; Catalogue, Sixpence. **JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.**

**VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—THIRD SEASON.**—Daily, from Ten till Seven. Admission One Shilling.—OUR HEROES and their DEEDS, painted by Her Majesty the Queen, and H.M. the Prince Consort, by F. Winterhalter; the Picture of the Marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal, and Portrait of H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice, by John Phillip, R.A., are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall, from Ten till Six. Admission, One Shilling.

JAS. ROWE, Secretary.

**MESSRS. DICKINSON, of 114, New Bond-street,** beg to announce that Mr. JOSEPH NASH's celebrated PICTURES of the INTERIOR OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT, will continue ON VIEW until the end of May.

"**MRS. FRY READING TO THE PRISONERS IN NEWGATE IN 1841.**"—A Grand Historical PICTURE of the most touching interest, by JERRY BARRETT, is NOW ON VIEW, at the Gallery, 191, PICCADILLY, opposite Saville-street, from Eleven to Five. Admission, One Shilling.

**HOLMAN HUNT'S GREAT PICTURE.**—THE EXHIBITION OF HOLMAN HUNT'S celebrated PICTURE of "THE FINDING OF THE SAVIOUR IN THE TEMPLE," begun in Jerusalem in 1854, and completed in 1860, is NOW OPEN to the Public, at the GERMAN GALLERY, 108, New Bond-street, from Twelve to Six. To which are added, for a few weeks, Views of "Jerusalem," "Nazareth," and other Water-Colour Drawings, made by Mr. Holman Hunt in the East. Admission, One Shilling.

**HER MAJESTY'S PICTURES.** Messrs. P. and D. COLNAGHI, SCOTT, and Co., and Messrs. E. GAMBAUT and Co., beg to announce that the Portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, and H.R.H. the Prince Consort, by F. Winterhalter; the Picture of the Marriage of H.R.H. the Princess Royal, and Portrait of H.R.H. the Princess Beatrice, by John Phillip, R.A., are NOW ON VIEW at the FRENCH GALLERY, 120, Pall-mall, from Ten till Six. Admission, One Shilling.

**THE LAST SLEEP OF ARGYLE.—THE LAST SCENE IN THE LIFE OF MONTROSE.** These *chef-d'œuvres* of E. M. WARD, Esq., R.A., are daily ON VIEW at the Gallery, 8, WATERLOO-PLACE, PALL-MALL, from Ten to Six. Admission, Sixpence.

**CROSS'S HISTORICAL PICTURES (THE CLEMENCY OF CŒUR DE LION, &c.)** ON VIEW at the SOCIETY OF ARTS, John-street, Adelphi, from Ten to Four, up to 24th May, admission Free. The Subscription for purchasing one or more of the Pictures, for the Benefit of the Painter's Widow and Family, is in progress. Subscriptions received at the London Joint-Stock Bank, Western Branch, Pall Mall, to the credit of the Treasurer, Mr. E. ARMITAGE; or by

E. B. STEPHENS, Hon. Sec. 27, Upper Belgrave-place, Piccadilly.

**HISTORY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.**—AN EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS, illustrating the History of the Art, and of Works by Female Students of the School of Art, will be OPENED on the 1st JUNE, 1861, at the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi. Ten a.m. to Six p.m. Admission, One Shilling. Catalogue, Sixpence.

By Order of the Committee, **LOUISA GANN, Secretary.** Female School of Art, 43, Queen-square, W.C. (Removed from 57, Gower-street.)

A BAZAAR IN AID OF THE BUILDING FUND OF THE SCHOOL will be held in JUNE.

**DISTRIBUTION OF MEDALS AND PRIZES TO THE STUDENTS OF THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, and Female Students of the Metropolitan District Schools of Art.** The EARL GRANVILLE, R.C., Lord President of the Council, will deliver the Medals and Prizes to the Students in the Lecture Theatre of the Museum of Geology, Jernyn-street, on SATURDAY, the 1st JUNE, 1861, at Twelve o'clock. An Exhibition of the Works of Female Students will open at the Society of Arts, John-street, Adelphi, on the same day, together with an Exhibition of Works illustrating the History of Water-Colour Painting.

**A CLERGYMAN** of high Mathematical and Classical Honours, and of large experience in Teaching, wishes to RE-AD with a FEW PUPILS on the CONTINENT for some weeks in July and August. Terms, £2 10s. a week, and a share of expen.—Apply to the Rev. B. Y. Brewster, Essex.

**TO INCUMBENTS.**—A Married Clergyman, of high reference and private means, offers his services to any gentleman who wishes to vacate his cure temporarily. A good furnished house, near a market-town and railway station, the primary remuneration. Has been used to the sole charge of a parish. Is now disengaged. Address "BETA," stating terms, situation, &c., care of Messrs. NASH and TATLER, Newspaper Agents, 4, Saville-place, Regent-street, W., London.

**MEMORIAL TO THE LATE SIR CHARLES BARRY.** F.R.S., R.A.—As there is reason to believe that permission will be granted to erect a Marble Statue of Sir CHARLES BARRY in the New Palace at Westminster, when the requisite Funds are provided, Noblemen and Gentlemen who may desire to do honour to the memory of that eminent Architect, are invited to forward their Subscriptions to Messrs. DRUMMOND, Baskers, Charing-cross, with whom an account has been opened for the "Barry Memorial." In the names of—

THE RIGHT HON. W. F. COWPER, M.P.

LIEUT.-GENERAL THE HON. SIR E. CUST, K.C.H., F.R.S.

SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, President R.A.

C. R. COCKERELL, Esq., R.A.

WILLIAM TITE, Esq., F.R.S., M.P., President R.I.B.A.

who have consented to act as Treasurers and Trustees.

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 10th May, 1861.

By Order of the Board.

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EDWIN PHILLIPS, Secretary.